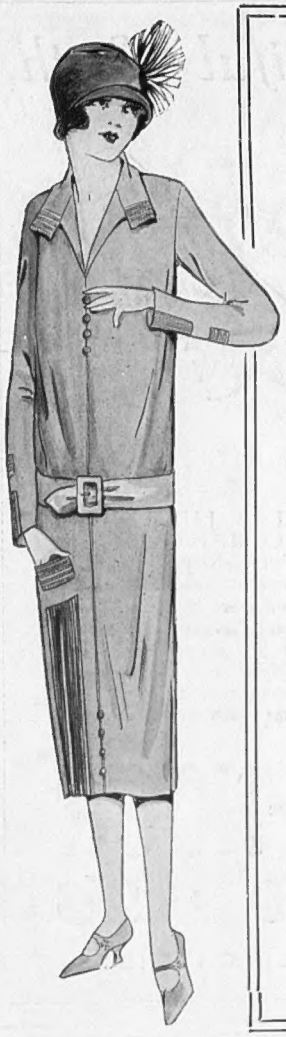

GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE

Whether Easter prove warm and sunny or cold and dull, this coat frock is certain to be useful. It is typical of the Gooch modes specially prepared for Easter. You will enjoy inspection of them.

"TROTTEUR"

Practical and smart Frock of good quality green repp. The pleating at right side of skirt falls from a pocket trimmed with gold soutache ; it allows freedom of walking, at the same time giving the straight fashionable lines. The pleating is also carried out on sleeves and collar and finished with the gold. The wide soft kid belt gives the correct finish. Also in navy, black, red, beige, and tan.

PRICE

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LINGERIE

AT SPECIAL PRICES

We have a world-wide reputation for the exclusiveness of style, daintiness of character, and finish of our Lingerie. The most reliable qualities in Silk, Linen and Cotton Lingerie fabrics are used, and the cut and workmanship are perfect.

ATTRACTIVE NIGHTDRESS (as sketch) in good quality crepe Pierrette, an exact copy of a French model, trimmed with hemstitching and buttons, of self materials, the collar can be worn high or low. In Coral, Turquoise, Peach, Sky, Ivory, Lemon and Mauve.

PRICE **25/9**

Also in good quality Crepe Velia. In Ochre, Coral, Lemon, Sky, White, Mauve and Green. **39/6.**

Sent on approval.

Catalogue post free.

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(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
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Harvey Nichols
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BLOUSES

FOR EASTER WEAR

New Jumper Blouse *in good quality Crepe-de-Chine, an exact copy of a "Premet" model. Cut with new collar and finished black tie of Crepe-de-Chine. A novel device is em'roidered on left side. In Ivory, Beige, Grey, Navy, and several of the fashionable Brown shades.*

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69/6

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JUMPER PYJAMAS

Dept.—Second Floor.

PRACTICAL Pyjamas in Crepe Schappe, prettily finished with contrasting colours. In White / Green, White / Orange, White/Saxe, White/Pink, Pink/White, Helio/White, and Lemon/White. **29/6**

Also in Black Satin, **69/6.**

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In Black, White and newest colours.

Per Pair **6/11**

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LTD
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There is no aspect of the Art of the Hairdresser which entails a more minute regard for these essentials than the waving of the hair.

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Photo by Elwin Neame.

Full Head : £5 : 5 : 0
Half Head : £3 : 3 : 0
Side Pieces : £1 : 5 : 0

An invitation to visit the Salons is cordially extended.

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TEA FROCK
FOR EASTER

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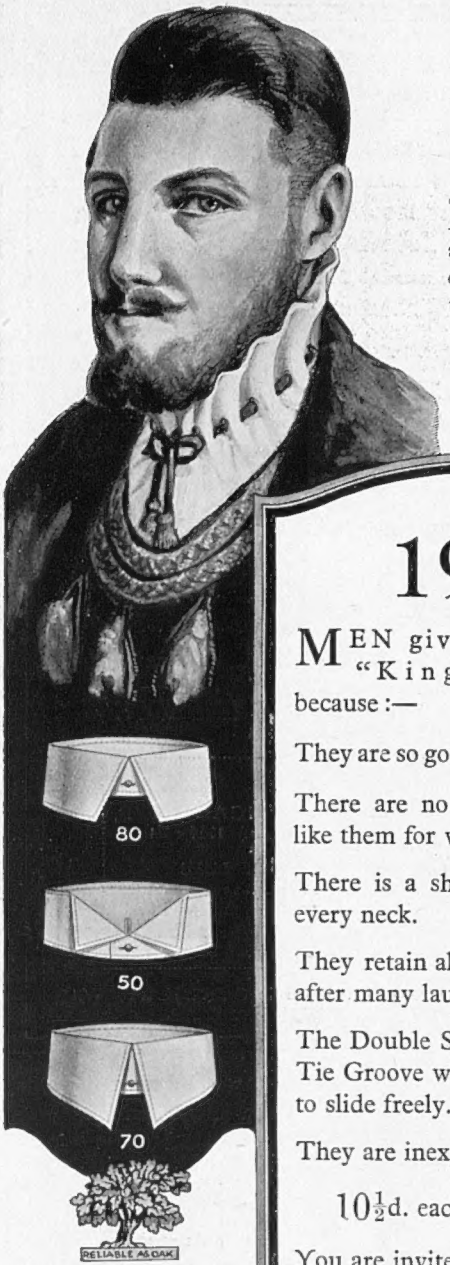

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1. Spread it on —
2. Wait a few minutes
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4. The Hair is gone!

3/- & 1/6 EVERYWHERE **VEET CREAM** REMOVES HAIR LIKE MAGIC!

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Made in our Paris Factory.
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STAINLESS LININGS.

Stocked in Patent Leather, Oak Tan Glace, Black Suede Calf.

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Hose to match.

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AT SPECIAL PRICES

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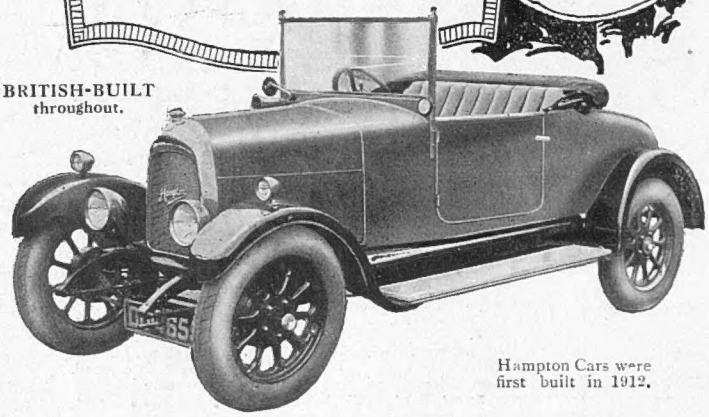

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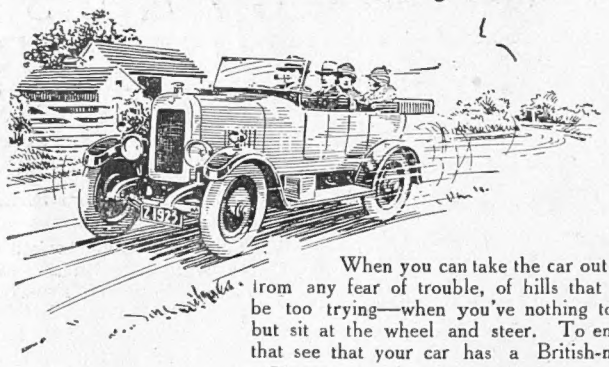

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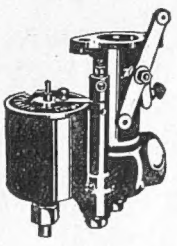

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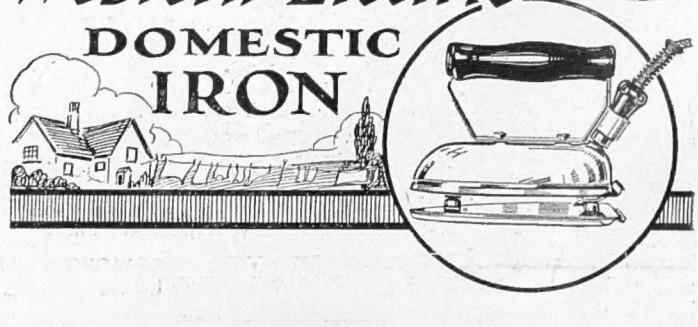

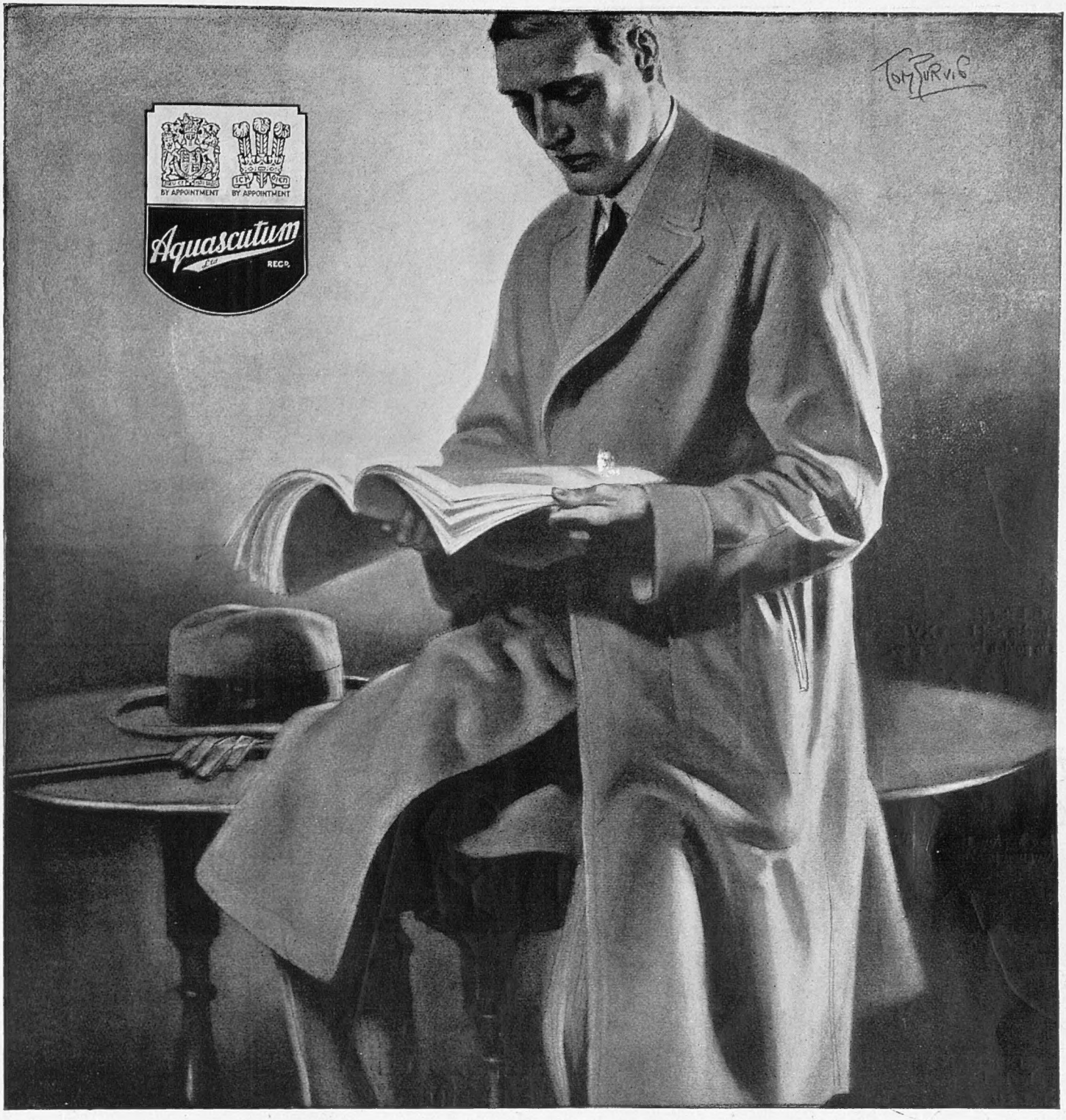

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In Patent, 34/-.

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MODEL FELT HAT, rolled off the face, and trimmed Felt Cameliia to tone. In Almond Green, New Blue, Cyclamen, Fuchsia, and Yellow.

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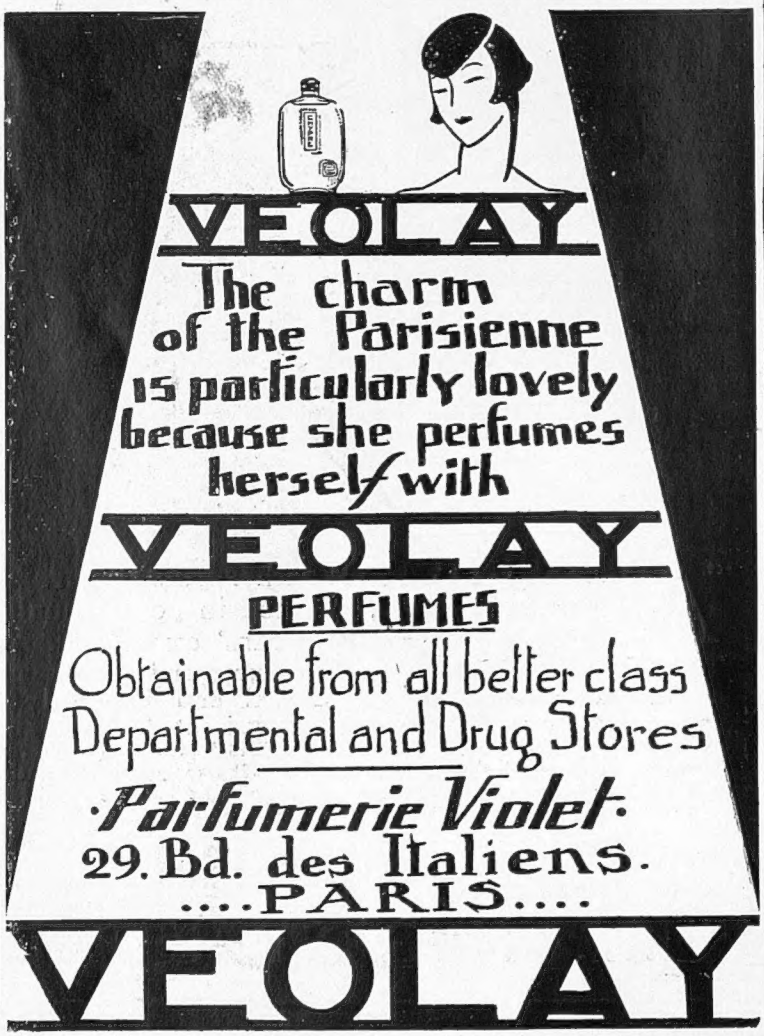

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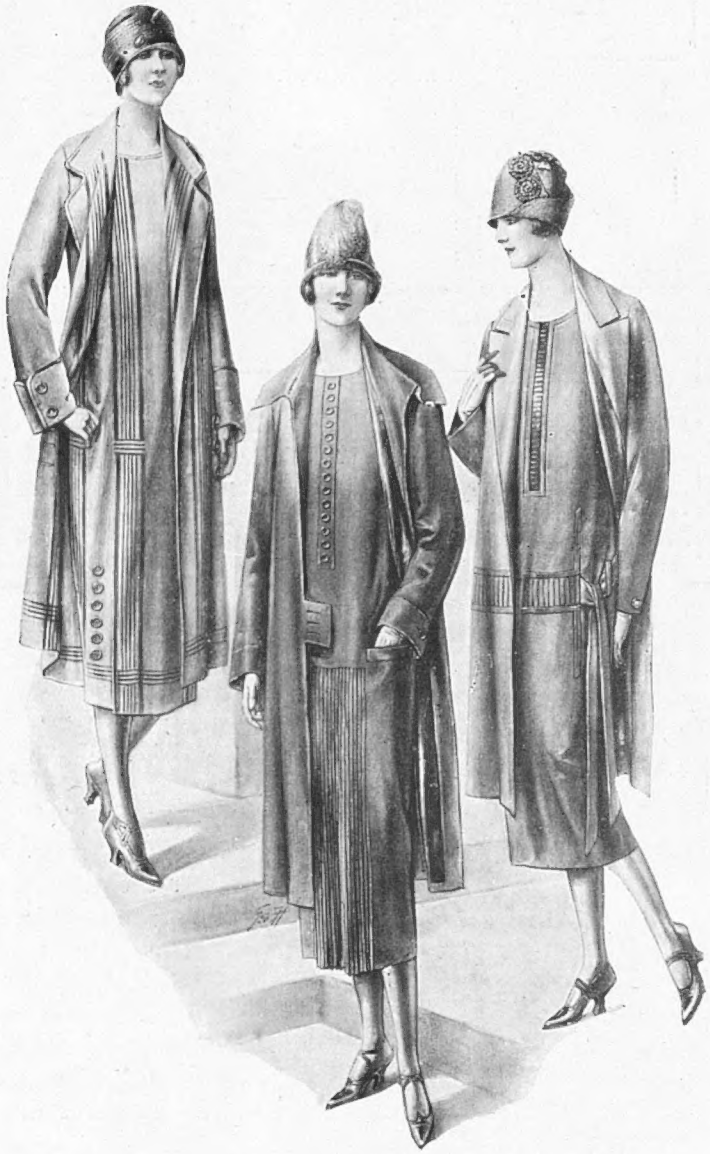
TWO-PIECE GOWNS

for Spring Wear



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2. Two-piece Garment (Gown and Coat) of Speckled Repp which gives a two-colour effect. The gown has long sleeves with a pleated apron in front. The coat is opened on either side and is lined throughout with silk. Colours: brick, fawn, dark saxe, also in black.

3. Two-piece Garment (Gown and Coat) of Covert Repp. The gown has long sleeves of same material and is trimmed with small pleats and stitchings. In a variety of colours, also navy or black.

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The Bystander, April 8, 1925

The BYSTANDER

No. 1114. Vol. LXXXVI.

Hay Wrightson

MISS FRIEDA LEWIS

The only daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Lewis, of Essendon Place, Hatfield. She is a keen golfer, and is well-known in hunting circles

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

This Noble Sport

A MONTH ago, when the question of running a Special Golf Number of this BYSTANDER was first mooted, I was full of enthusiasm for the scheme. All men, I said, are followers of this noble sport of kings. We can do no less than pay our tribute to its universal appeal. Let the printing presses proceed to work overtime.

I Give It Up!

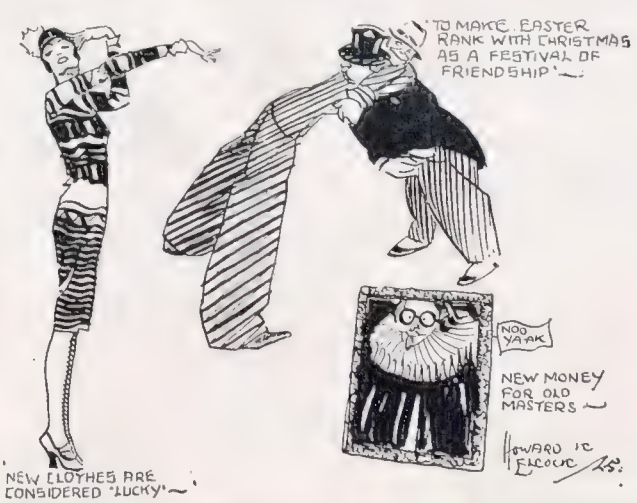
TO-DAY I am not so sure. After all, golf is a rather over-rated hobby, don't you think? Personally, I have given it up, and I don't care if I never see another bunker as long as I live. A foolish, unimaginative, childish, elementary, futile, ridiculous affair—this game of golf. Only yesterday I fought my way to the ladies' tee in three, and when I *did* hit the ball, I couldn't find it again. Whereupon I gave my "hockey-knockers" to the caddie as a birthday present, and retired to the clubhouse in that peculiar frame of mind known as "high dudgeon."

An Alternative

IN the clubhouse I soothed my ruffled feelings by winning three consecutive rubbers of bridge and solving a cross-word puzzle. Now bridge *is* a game, and there is a lot to be said for the cross-word craze. Why can't we have a special number dealing with Bridge for Bystanders, with a special cross-word supplement? You can do both these things sitting down; you are out of the wind; there are no bunkers. And, best of all, there is no ball to hit.

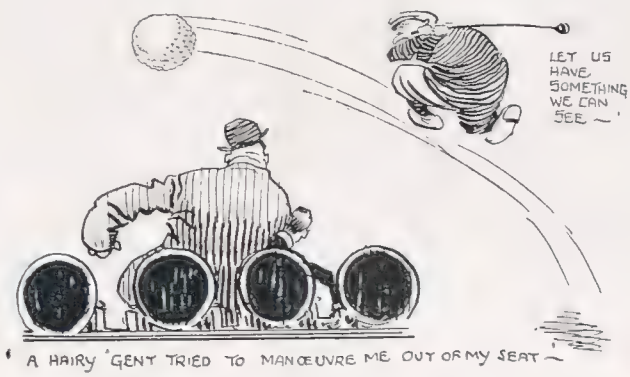
Bigger Golf Balls

THAT'S the cause of all the trouble in golf—the ball isn't big enough. We don't play cricket with a bat the size of a butter pat. The older we grow the bigger gets the bat. Why not apply the same principle to the golf ball? Let the ardent young souls of the preparatory schools smite the whited pill; let the middle-aged golfer be let loose with something the size of a cricket ball, and when we are becoming short-sighted let us have something we can see, and something we can hit.



Sunday Socialism

I HAVE just been to one of those Pleasant Sunday Evenings for Socialists at the Strand Theatre, and I enjoyed myself immensely. On this particular occasion the plays were clever, the acting was brilliant, and the audience was—very much what I had expected, only more so. Ten minutes before the rise of the curtain a hairy gent. tried to manœuvre me out of my seat on the principle that possession is only one-tenth of the Socialist law, while the young lady on my left argued earnestly against the enormity of permitting an actor who was not a Socialist at heart to provide her with free entertainment. After this, I was not surprised to hear an official announce from the platform that the silver collection left something to be desired. Once again, the brethren had proved themselves true to their principles.

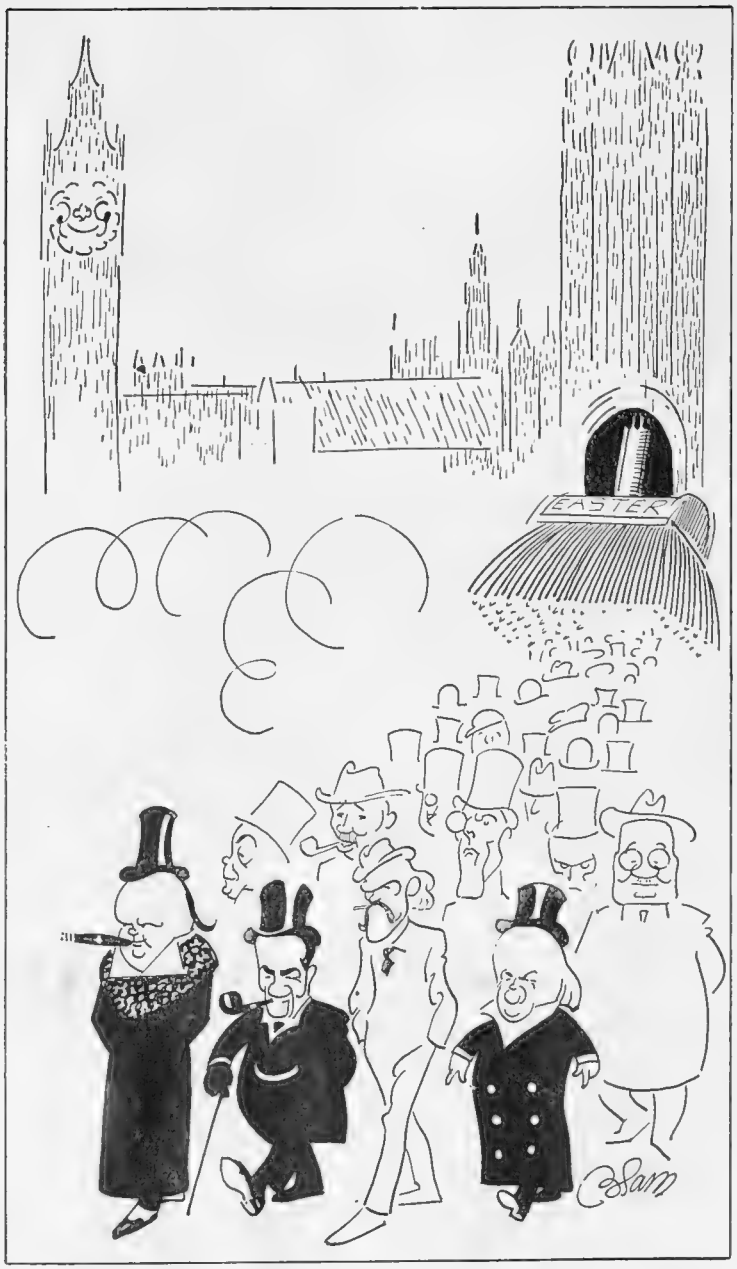


Sadler's Wells

THE suggestion to "Save Sadler's Wells" can count on my enthusiastic support, for I have always had a warm corner in my heart for the old house with the romantic name, where Phelps held autocratic sway in his happy hey-day. My own association with Sadler's Wells commenced at a later date, when I sat and shivered with the victims of Sweeney Todd, and saw Jack Sheppard shot through a trap after delivering his time-honoured warning to "all those young apprentices" of North London who might be tempted to follow him on the downward path.

Modern Clubland

CLUBLAND seems to be looking up again, and the reports to be presented at the various annual meetings make much more encouraging reading. A year ago many



"SPRING-CLEANING!" By Blam

The House adjourns for the Easter vacation on April 9

well-known West End clubs were in decidedly low water, but the members rallied round them in such fashion that the honorary officials are smiling once again. One curious fact to be noted is that there is very little night-life in Club-land, and that increased receipts have come from the luncheon-table rather than from the billiard-tables or the bar. Moralists may find some lesson hereabouts.

An Easter Revival

Life is constantly becoming more complicated, and this suggestion to make Easter rank with Christmas as a festival of friendship and goodwill threatens fresh complications. We shall now be expected to prove this friendship and goodwill by the exchange of Easter presents, and, already, our wives are hinting that new clothes at Easter are considered "lucky." I am afraid women are only superstitious when it suits them, for I never yet met one who considered it unlucky to buy thirteen new hats on a Friday!

New Money for Old Masters

My withers were unwrung when I heard that Lord Spencer had sold a picture to America for a million dollars, just as they were unwrung when it was announced that the same nobleman contemplated planting apple trees in Althorp Park. Assuming that the information is correct, I think this young nobleman is to be congratulated on his enterprise, and I hope the money will circulate still further to such good effect that some of us will get a shilling or two for ourselves. New money for old masters is my motto, and the more the merrier.

"Missing!"

I was talking about an organisation that had died with the War and has not been re-started, when it occurred to me that lots of little ideals, societies, magazines and whatnot have been forgotten for the same reason. What we want is a Royal Commission to take evidence on this matter. We could all give instances of these war victims, and if they were once officially posted as "Missing" there would be a chance that the force of public opinion would bring about their revival.

First-Night Manners

Isn't it high time that a certain type of first-nighter improved his (*and* her) manners during first performances? The offenders are mostly to be found in the stalls, and number amongst them a sprinkling of dramatic critics and guests of the management. The breach of manners I refer to is the obnoxious habit of returning to seats at the end of the intervals some minute or two after the curtain has gone up. At the first performance of *Tarnish* last week, the beginning of the third act was seriously marred by whole bunches of these free-seaters scrambling to their seats over the feet of other playgoers. It is gross'y unfair both to players and audience.

Not in These——

A good story—which has the merit of being true—comes from one of our newer service clubs. An heroic member of youthful years recently turned up about lunch time in all the glory of a new pair of the now famous Oxford "bags." He was immediately conducted to the billiard room by a squad (or was it a squadron?) of stalwart brother members. How, exactly the operation was performed is not told in detail, but that it was highly successful is proved by the fact that a wiser and sadder youth left the club a little later wearing a pair of borrowed nether garments.

A Brighter Band

London is not the place where one expects to find any "gay and gallant gondolieri"—except, of course, during the Gilbert and Sullivan season. However, the enterprising Riviera Club, which has recently reopened in Grosvenor Road, is doing its best to supply the deficiency. Dancing there the other night, I found the band comfortably seated in a pleasant-looking gondola at one end of the ball-room. Behind them one caught a glimpse through the long windows of the Thames, a silvery ribbon in the moonlight. Somewhere a maiden sighed; somewhere a waiter called in Italian to his mate. It was most romantic. Perhaps, one of these days, the secretary of the Riviera Club will dress his melody men in the costumes of Marco and Giuseppe—and we may even have an orchestra of mandolines and guitars instead of our more western saxophony. Possibly the new cocktail bar would have to go, as not being quite in keeping with the scheme of things. But, then we could take kindly to Neapolitan ices instead. Anyway, I shall polish up my cachucha, fandango, and bolero, so as to be ready for the day.

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

WHO, WHEN

BY THE BYSTANDER

MISS JOCELIN WYLDBORE-SMITH

The elder daughter of Sir Edmund and Lady Wyldbore-Smith. Sir Edmund has had a distinguished career as a Civil Servant, and as a member of many Economic Commissions

MISS ANGELA MUIR

The only daughter of Lieut.-Col. G. W. and Mrs. Muir. Her father is in command of the 1st Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders

Photographs

MISS HELEN MILLICENT ROBERTSON

Younger daughter of Field-Marshal Sir William and Lady Robertson. Sir William was made a Field-Marshal in 1920, after relinquishing the command of the Rhine army

A Temporary Sinecure

FOR the moment, the office of Court Newsman is a sinecure, since he has no Court doings or Royal movements to chronicle. The progress of the King and Queen's voyage is recorded by foreign correspondents. In describing the Queen's visit to Capri—the King did not go ashore—an absurd mistake was made in some quarters. The beautiful little island near Naples was given the historical importance of having been the abode of Garibaldi. But Garibaldi lived on the island of Caprera, which is a long way to the north of Capri, and hasn't a single attraction for the tourist. Capri, on the other hand, with its Blue Grotto, practically lives by the tourist.

A Cause for Regret

THE announcement that the Marquis de la Panouse's long period as Military Attaché to the French Embassy is coming to an end will cause widespread regret. He has been in London for so many years that the idea of his appointment one day coming to an end has occurred to nobody. He and his wife are the most popular members of the Diplomatic Corps. His son has been at Oxford and his daughter, Mlle. de la Panouse, has just returned from Cape Town, where she has been on a visit to Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, of whom she is a close and particular friend.

Time's Whitewash

IF a woman with what is called a past lives long enough all is forgotten, and on the verge of seventy she finds doors that have been sedulously closed against her for years set wide open. The new generation doesn't concern itself with the details of ancient scandals, and I think, too, it has a clearer sense of justice than its predecessors.

When all is said and done it is hard that a woman, perhaps a charming, interesting woman, should have to expiate a slip, tumble, or backsliding of foolish youth by perpetual ostracism for the whole of her life. Your woman of to-day has the same opinion, at least I think so, judging by the many elderly ladies who, despite the fact that they threw their bonnets over the windmill years ago, are now received everywhere.

A GROUP WITH THE GARTH *A fieri*

Prince Henry at the annual Point-to-Point Meeting of the Garth, which was held at Newlands, near Arborfield, over some typical Garth country. Facing the camera is Mrs. Peter Wilson

THE SEASON'S

Some Debutantes who will Majesties this season. The be held at the end of May

I must confess, however, to being greatly amused by the list of guests at a party given recently by one of these ladies. In her case it wasn't slip, tumble, or backsliding. It was a deliberate adoption of a certain way of life. She was notorious. Floods of water have gone under the bridges since then, and now this particular lady is old and a mirror of all the respectabilities. Many of the guests at her party were the sons and daughters of people who would have just rolled over and over and over at the mere thought of they themselves or anybody belonging to them speaking to this lady, much less going to her house and eating her bread and butter.

So there's hope for us all—if we live long enough.

An Original Idea

MADAME MASTNY lighted upon an entirely original idea for the dance she gave at the Czecho-Slovakian Legation in Grosvenor Gardens. All the ladies wore national dress: the effect was most picturesque. Madame Mastny herself wore a Slovak dress of blue and elaborate embroideries. Mlle. Stancioff wore Bulgarian dress; Baroness Margaret Palmstierna, the daughter of

AND WHERE

IN SOCIETY

Lafayette

MISS MARJORIE CONNOLLY

Third daughter of the Hon. Sir James and Lady Connolly. Sir James, who was born in Queensland, was Agent-General for Western Australia from 1917 to 1923

LOOM OF YOUTH
make their bow to Their four Courts this year will and the beginning of June

THE HON. JOAN OGILVIE-GRANT

Only daughter of Lord and Lady Strathspey. Her cousin, the Countess of Seafield, was presented at Court last year

MISS MARGERITA BARRAN

Only daughter of Sir John and Lady Barran. Her father has had a distinguished career as a Civil Servant, and has sat as a Liberal M.P. for Hawick

the Swedish Minister, a Swedish dress; and Countess Damska an Icelandic dress. The national costume of Iceland, apparently, does not permit of bobbing or shingling, for Countess Damska's long fair hair fell and rippled over her shoulders. All the beauties and quaintness of dress were the privilege of the ladies. The men were in ordinary evening clothes.

The Passing of Lace

IT is sad to hear that Hayward's, the famous lace-shop in New Bond Street, has closed its doors. Once upon a time beautiful hand-made lace was considered as essential a part of a bride's *corbeille* as jewels. Old veils and flounces were treasured and handed on from generation to generation.

Hayward's has been the Court lace-makers since the time of George III, and formerly had clients at most of the European Courts. It used to make the lace caps which Queen Victoria wore throughout her long widowhood, and it also made the black Chantilly lace parasol she carried at the first Jubilee.

But machine-made lace and modern fashions in combination have practically destroyed the custom of the famous shop. Anything elaborate in the way of lace is useless for the modern dresses in which women show their knees and their shoulder-blades. If lace is used it is only a patch or a snippet here or there. No woman's courage is strong enough to induce her to cut real lace, so she buys the machine-made, on which she or her maid or dressmaker can ply the scissors without a qualm.

Unsaleable Treasures

ANOTHER reason, beside that of fashion, for the lessening demand for hand-made lace is that the people who understood its beauties and its workmanship have no longer the money to buy it, and those who now have the money don't know the difference between hand-made and machine-made—except the difference in price.

HOME AGAIN *Central News*

Lord Jellicoe, who arrived back in England with Lady Jellicoe at the expiration of his Governor-Generalship of New Zealand, photographed at the Garth Point-to-Point, with his two daughters, Lady Gwendoline and Lady Norah Jellicoe

Old lace, too, is practically unsaleable, as many of our own harassed ladies and the Russian refugees have discovered. At the Royal School of Art Needlework in South Kensington there are several beautiful pieces for sale—one of them a lace train belonging once to the Empress Josephine. But never an offer is made for them. Perhaps the pendulum will swing back again, and old lace will have a great value because, as things stand now, in a few years there will be no hand lacemakers left.

The National Opera Trust

ON the Continent the fact that grand opera cannot be run on the receipts of the box-office alone is so generally admitted that opera houses receive either State or municipal subsidies. The accounts of the British National Opera Company show that there is widespread support for opera sung in English, but that support does not provide the whole of the money required. The National Opera Trust has therefore been founded by Lord Londonderry, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Clarendon, Sir Landon Ronald, and others, to provide what will actually be a subsidy for opera. They "aim at ultimately obtaining and investing

AN IRISH HUNTING ENGAGEMENT

Mr. Richard Russell, the only son of Mr. J. R. Russell, Master of the United Hunt, and his fiancée, Miss Gillian Seckham, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Douglas Seckham, D.S.O., the Hon. Secretary of the Hunt. This happy snapshot was taken at Seskin at the recent Waterford Point-to-Point Meeting

A RIDER OF REPUTE

Mrs. Masters, a popular follower of the Waterford, being led in by her father, Major Perry (an ex Master of the Clonmel Harriers), on "Just For Luck," after winning the Ladies' Race at the Waterford 'Chases at Seskin, near Carrick-on-Suir. Mrs. Masters also won the Hunt Light-Weight Red Coat Race in great style on "Miss Daisy"

a capital sum of £500,000 or providing an equivalent income of £25,000 to be received in dividends and annual subscriptions." The appeal is made to the music-lovers of the nation, and it is proposed to form a committee in all the large industrial centres. Actually the scheme is that public subscription should provide for British opera the support given to opera in other countries by the State. Donations to the fund should be sent to the Marquis of Londonderry, Londonderry House, Park Lane, W. 1, with the envelopes marked "National Opera Trust," and cheques made payable to the National Opera Trustees.

A Tragic Princess

ONE of the most tragic figures in Europe, the Princess Charlotte of Belgium, aunt of King Albert and widow of the unfortunate Archduke Maximilian, who became Emperor of Mexico, seems to be approaching her end. She is eighty-five, and for the last fifty-eight years has been insane.

The Archduke Maximilian was the brother of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. When the Mexicans offered him their throne, it was said that his wife's ambitions overruled his own wish to refuse. But the prospect of being Empress and Imperial Majesty was too strong a lure for the young Belgian Archduchess, and Maximilian finally accepted, on the assurance that his throne would be supported by Napoleon III.

After a reign of four years the French troops were withdrawn from Mexico, and civil war broke out almost immediately. The other side accused Maximilian of fomenting this war, and when he was taken prisoner he was condemned to be shot.

Photographs *Poole, Waterford*

WATERFORD PERSONALITIES

Lady Blanche Beresford, who shares the Mastership of the Waterford with her sister Katharine, snapped at the Waterford Point-to-Point with Lady Davis-Goff, widow of the late Sir Herbert Davis-Goff, the father of the present baronet

AMONG THE "LEAN" KIND *Alfieri*

Lady Patricia Ward and Mrs. Menzies at the Avon Vale Point-to-Point Meeting at Rudge Hill

Scene at the Vatican

THE Empress Charlotte was in Europe when the terrible news reached her of her husband's impending fate. She rushed to Paris to seek Napoleon III's intervention. He refused to see her, and her pathetic plea to the Empress Eugènie remained unanswered. Then the distracted woman went to Rome and flung herself at the feet of the Pope, imploring his aid. But the Pope could do nothing.

This was the final blow. The realisation that she had helped in no small measure to end her husband's life by her ambition, combined with the knowledge that there was no help to be gained for him in Europe, overset her reason, and she went mad before she could be escorted out of the Vatican. Her condition was such that she could not be removed, and had to be kept there for the night, the

Sport and General

A FOUR TO ONE CHANCE

Miss Monica Sheriffe, the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tennyson, Mrs. Fenwick, the Hon. Mrs. Wyndham and Colonel Ashton at the Fernie Point-to-Point

only woman who has spent the night within the pontifical portals for hundreds of years.

All this was fifty-eight years ago. She never fully recovered her reason, and has been shut away from the world all that time.

The Latest Fad

THE latest fad in collecting is pot lids. When our grandfathers were young men there was a horrible mixture they put on their hair called pommade—an unpleasant greasy compound, highly scented. This was sold in pots, on the lids of which were pictures. There were pictures, too, on the lids of pots containing shrimp and bloater paste, etc. These pictures varied—some were of country scenes, some were figures, but they were all well enough done to give the pots a permanence, and in Early Victorian households it was no uncommon thing to see a row of such decorated pots on servants' dressing-tables, serving as receptacles for hair-pins and other feminine accessories. To-day some of these pot-lids fetch as much as £25.

I remember my old nurse had one of these pots on her dressing-table. The top showed a young man and woman sheltering under a tree during a shower. He was holding both her hands. Her head was turned away—most coyly. Underneath, in a flourishing scroll, was "The Tender Avowal." Originally the pot had contained potted lobster caught in the North Sea off Scarborough, and bought as a "relish" for our nurse's tea. After the potted lobster was eaten the pot served for years as a receptacle for my father's cigar-ash which our nurse carefully collected every morning before the housemaids descended on the study. She used the cigar ash as tooth powder!

MR. R. HARDY

L.N.A.

Sport and General

LORD MICHELHAM'S COUNTRY SEAT—FOR EIGHT

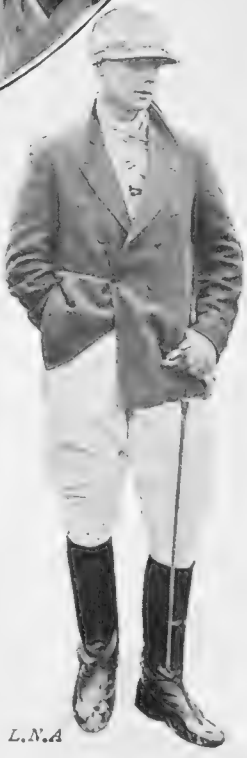
Lord Michelham's party in the "witness" box at the Fernie Point-to-Point at Billesdon. Our photograph shows, back row: Mr. Tritton (left), Miss Selby Lowndes, Lord Michelham, Captain Goldby. Front: Mrs. Knight, the Hon. Mrs. Duberly, Miss Holford, and Mrs. Jack

THE WALKING-ON PART *L. N. A.*

Mrs. Burnaby (left) and the Countess of Eltham at the Fernie Point-to-Point Meeting at Billesdon

The Jay Gould Millions

THE litigation by Mr. Frank J. Gould and his sister, the Duchess of Talleyrand, who was formerly the wife of that astonishing person, Count Boni de Castellane, against the executors of the



MR. JENKINSON *L.N.A*

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR AT THE RACES *Photopress*

Lady Burrell with a party of youthful enthusiasts at the race meeting of the Southdown Foxhounds held at Ringmer, near Brighton. The group shows: Miss Loeffer (left), Miss E. Burrell, Lady Burrell, the Misses Savill and Lady Veronica Blackwood

Jay Gould estate, has been further complicated by an action started by the English wife of the late George J. Gould. She claims that the executors of the Gould Estate, worth something like sixteen millions, should create a fund to pay her the income left her and her children by her husband's will.

Mrs. George J. Gould was a musical comedy actress. Her marriage with the elderly American millionaire was long kept secret. The Gould family have been fighting over the estate for the last eight years. As Count Boni de Castellane explained in his recent memoirs, he was responsible for the spending of a good many thousands out of the Gould millions.

"Lady Erroll, Come and Dine"

I SEE that Lord and Lady Erroll have moved house from Seymour Street to Sussex Gardens. I never see or hear the name of Erroll without being reminded of a very quaint old ballad I came across once in a collection of Scottish songs. It relates the marital experience of the tenth Earl of Erroll—the present peer is the twentieth—in the middle of the seventeenth century. His wife, a daughter of the Earl of Southesk—and so a female forebear of Lord Carnegie, who married the Princess Royal's second daughter—brought an action against him to annul the marriage. She lost her case, but refused to live with her lord. Every day thereafter her plate and silver spoon were laid at table, and a servant called three times, "Lady Erroll, come and dine." A variant of my ballad runs:

> Seven years the trencher sat,
> And seven years the spune;
> Seven years the servant cried—
> "Lady Erroll, come and dine."

A friend, learned in Scottish law and old customs, tells me that what appears to be a desire for reconciliation in the ballad on the husband's part was really a clever precaution against having to pay the lady an allowance or maintenance. So long as her place was laid at table and she refused to occupy it she had no claim for maintenance upon her lord. I wonder if this is correct.

If the same rule applied to-day, what numbers of husbands would avoid the maintenance of separated wives, that is, of course, if the ladies had departed of their own accord. Just a knife, fork, spoon and plate laid for dinner, and a servant bidding the absent lady "come and dine" and no allowance or alimony to pay.

A RECENT ENGAGEMENT *Lenare*

Miss Felicity Tomlin, the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Maurice Tomlin, of Grey Court, Ham, Surrey. She is to marry Mr. Cecil Porter, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Porter, of Compton, Surrey

An Attack of Protocol-ic

BY E. T. REED

LL.-G. : " Would Rumania submit to arbitration ? Would Poland ? ? Would Czecho-Slovakia ? ? ? Would——"

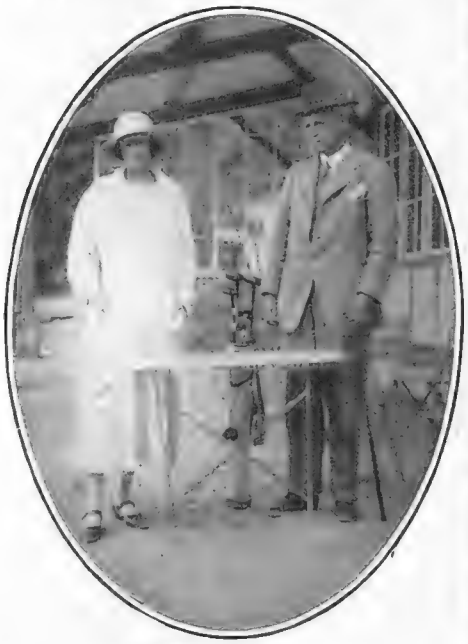
MISS AUSTENA BRUM : " Oh ! ! The things he's blurting out ! ! I must hasten to 'dissociate' myself immediately. It would *never* do for *me* to be seen with such a reckless little person ! ! "

The Riviera Week by Week

BY DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

CANNES

WHILE many visitors who have been here since the beginning of the winter have recently left,



THE WINNERS

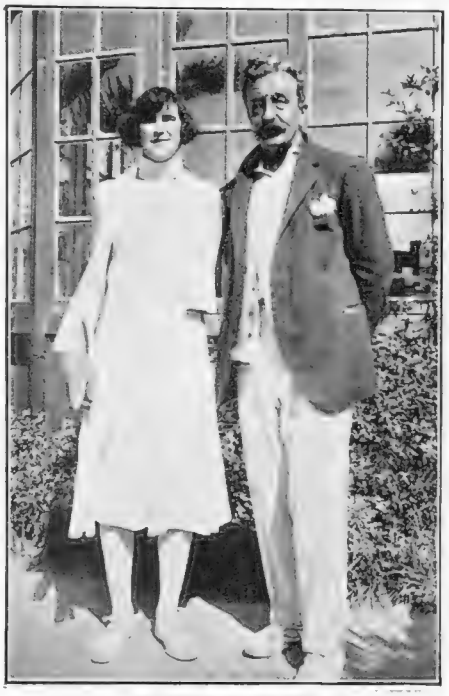
Mr. and Mrs. G. Hall, who proved the winners in the recent "Bystander" Mixed Foursome Competition at the Costebelle Golf Club

many new arrivals are taking their places, and Easter will be far from dull. Lord Rochdale is at the Metropole, and plays tennis well, other guests there including Lady Denman, Captain G. Lutwyche, and the Hon. Neville Lytton. The Marquis of Huntly, Sir John and Lady Jarvis, and the Hon. Lord Hunter, a former Solicitor-General for Scotland, are at the Beau-Site, and the Countess of Lisburne and Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Hirst are at the Carlton. Adèle, Lady Meyer is spending the next few weeks at the Grand Hotel, where Lady Crossley, Miss Hilda Emmott, M. and Madame A. Vagliano, and Sir Robert Perks, who converted the District Railway from steam to electricity, and Lady Perks, are among the recent arrivals. Sir Reginald Antrobus, who was once Governor of St. Helena, and has held many important posts under the Colonial Office, has also been in Cannes for a few weeks with Lady Antrobus on a visit to their son-in-law and daughter.

THE ball in aid of Sunny Bank British Hospital was a great success, and—to use a hackneyed phrase—"everyone was there." The Duke of Connaught came over from Beaulieu, and appeared thoroughly to enjoy himself. As the ball did not commence until nearly midnight, and as this was by no means H.R.H.'s only late night that week, no finer testimonial to the rejuvenating qualities of the Riviera air could be desired. Another brilliant social event at the Casino was the first appearance in Cannes of Serge Diaghileff's famous Russian Ballet from Monte Carlo. Anything is welcome here by way of a change from the usual fare of well-known operas in French, and every seat in the house was sold within a few hours of the first announcement of this visit being made. We are still waiting, however, for some enterprising English manager to provide the Anglo-American colony with first-class entertainments in English.

"BYSTANDER" GOLF AT COSTEBELLE

Some of the competitors in "The Bystander" Golf Competition held at the Costebelle Golf Club. The group shows, standing: Mr. J. Lang (left), Mr. C. H. Sanson, Mr G Hall, Mrs. Lewis, Miss Railton, Miss Rhodes, Mrs. Gow, Col. Osborne Smith, Mr. J. Baldry, Mr. J. Railton, Capt. Greville, and Capt. A. J. Oxley (the Hon. Sec.) Sitting: Brigadier-General A. G. Duff (left), Madame Scher, Miss Chapman Walker, Mr. S. A. de Laszlo, Mrs. A. J. Oxley and Colonel T. O. Lloyd



IN THE DOUBLES *C. N. Daly*

Mrs. Satterthwaite and Lord Rochdale, who played together in the Mixed Doubles in the recent Cannes Lawn Tennis Tournament

THE Flat Races in Nice went off very well, Mr. Kingsley Macomber winning the Grand Prix and heading the list of successful owners, while Baron H. de Rothschild and Mr. Jefferson D. Cohn were also prominent during the meeting, which drew a large crowd of enthusiastic spectators. The Maharajah of Kapurthala, Lord and Lady Grantley are among the latest arrivals in Nice, and many more will be here for the International Military Horse Show which begins on April 17, and which is always a great attraction. The big tournaments at the Parc Imperial Club, of which M. Lenglen is the secretary, are at an end for this season, but the smart club-house is a most popular resort for tea and dancing, especially on Saturdays, and the twenty-one courts are generally all occupied daily.

THE advent of real springtime has been warmly welcomed at St. Raphael and Hyères, and the various smaller but not less picturesque resorts between. The second Battle of Flowers at Hyères was a great success, and many spectators came over from Toulon for the day. The decorated cars entered by the leading local hotels excelled themselves for originality and effect. Croquet is a speciality at Hyères, and a big tournament was held recently at which Mr. T. Dickson distinguished himself by carrying off the challenge cup presented by Mr. W. H. Hope, and also by winning for the second time the Riviera Gold Medal. Golf is going strong at Costebelle, and competitions have been numerous.

RECENT arrivals include Lady Waring, Lady Harvey, the Marquise de Loys, Sir Raphael Forster, Sir George Piggott, Baron and Baroness Badoine, and Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Nicholls at the Golf Hotel; Sir Gerald Ellison, Mr. and Mrs. Handasyde Dick, Mr. and Mrs. Seth Smith, at the Hotel des Palmiers; and Marquis and Marquise de Beauvoir, Mr. and Mrs. Runciman, and Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Lyman at the Costebelle Hotel. The great charm and attraction of this part of the coast in April and May are beginning to be better appreciated by the English visitors.

THE weather brightened up magnificently for the first day of the International Motor Boat Races, and twenty-four of the speediest craft in Europe turned up for what promises to be in every way a record meeting. The British competitors comprise Captain Woolf Barnato, with two boats, Mr. and Mrs. E. Johnston-Noad, with one boat each, Major Weber and Miss Carstair.

In a Yorkshire Garden

Compton Collier

MRS. GORDON FOSTER

In the garden of Nawton Towers, Nawton. Her husband, Major G. B. Foster, who is well known in the hunting field, is the Master of the Sinnington and Derwent Hunts

Motley Musings

Divots

Many married women regret the proximity of the Golf Stream to our shores.

The "half" is greater than the hole.

Round Sandwich you can always get a square Deal.

If you *should* strike your opponent, don't underclub yourself.

Many gentlemen in the Club house regard beer, port, and whisky as the Great Triumvirate.

How many good clubs are spoilt by a bad clique?

The power of the "press" is to be deplored.

. . . .

As right as a couple of trivets,
Were two steeple-jacks hammering rivets:
But, alas, from that steeple
They fell, and their people
Got busy replacing the divots!

. . . .

As an instance of Shakespeare's prevision, a correspondent draws our attention to his frequent use of the expletive, "Gadd's hooks!"

. . . .

A gentleman, recently arrested for bigamy, was reported to have confided to his captor, "How happy could I be with ether!"

. . . .

We understand that "The Painted Swan" is not to be succeeded by "The Dying Duck."

Those readers who care to guess the authorship of the following lines are welcome to do so:—

"The Lowing Herd—"

"Let every Taylor keep to his goose."

"Oh, Holderness were Holderness enow!"

"A skilful Leitch is better far
Than half-a-hundred men of war!"

"He is most loved that has most bags."

"Between you and me there is a great golf fixed."

"Do you see any Green in my eye?"

"Not lost but gone—Fore! Fore!"

. . . . .

"What sort of a centre-forward is Buchan?" asked the novice.

"Oh," remarked the Tennysonian footer fan:

"His charging is like Lancelot's in the lists,
Bearing all down in its precipitancy.
His passing is like Arthur's save 'tis swifter."

The Hypocrite

My nephew, Thomas, is a likely sort,
A strapping fellow of some sixteen summers,
Whom, for his wide acquaintance with all sport,
I'd back against all comers.

Each Saturday to view some game he goes;
On Rugby he is mad, and yet gets madder
When he is off to watch those Soccer pros,
Who hoof a bounding bladder.

He knows their records: he's inclined to gush
Over the "Spurs"; the "Wolves" he deems are fossils;
And I have heard him singing, like a thrush,
The praises of the "Throstles"!

Yet there exists (he says) illegal play;
I sit and hear him angrily enlarging
On men who (like some waiters) every day,
Go in for over-charging!

'Tis sad to think that in these mimic wars,
Foul deeds should lead to snarling and to scrapping;
Yet he, *though* ankle-*tapping he deplores,*
Thinks naught of Uncle *"tapping!"*

. . . . .

Apparently, the Chamber of Horrors was not seriously damaged during the recent fire at Madame Tussaud's. Those, therefore, who want to find Peace, will still find him there.

. . . .

Not content with the eight-ball over, some cricketing cranks are advocating a nine-ball equivalent. But any fast bowler who has had one over the eight will tell you that it is too much.

. . . .

We read that "sportsmen cannot always be cheerful at every meal." Perhaps,

The blighter who's breezy at breakfast
Is the tic who is testy at tea!

. . . .

A railway porter is the proud possessor of a moustache which measures twelve inches across. That is, of course, as the crow flies

. . . .

An author declares that a woman in many ways resembles a partridge. We suppose she does when they are both flushed.

HARTLEY CARRICK

By Harry Woolley

THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY

A Problem Picture

BY HIGGINS

HUNTING ON THE FLAT—HOME VARIETY

Produced March 19, 1925

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THE song of the evening is handed out to the audience by Mr. Stanley Lupino. It is not only very well written, but it is sung with a comic art that is well-nigh perfect. Mr. Lupino appears on the stage as "John Citizen," as depicted by "Poy" in his popular cartoons. John presents himself at the Members' Entrance to the House of Commons, and endeavours to brush past the policeman on duty there. But everyone who knows anything is well aware that the London police can stand a good deal of brushing before they can be successfully eluded. John's idea is apparently to stroll cheerily to the floor of the House and put his personal views before the Cabinet.

FINDING his way to the House effectually barred, John is rash enough to try and fight the policeman on the beat. It is a fascinating enterprise that in my green and salad days I once attempted, with only indifferent success, and the "force" was nothing like so young and active as it is to-day. Having, as it were, bitten the dust in several places as the result of his fight, John vents his feelings in respect of some of our more prominent statesmen. A Cabinet Minister is no doubt a very useful person, but can he lay an egg as does the barn-door fowl, or can he, like the ostrich, grow a feather on his neck that is worth a guinea? The answer, as they say in another place, is in the negative. The song is, of course, all nonsense of the most extravagant kind, but it is so clearly to the taste of the house that every now and then the chorus is drowned in an anticipatory roar of laughter and cheers. On the first night Mr. Lupino did not have anything like as many encore verses as the situation clearly called for; but no doubt by this time the clever author has burned the midnight oil and delivered the goods.

THEN there is Miss Maisie Gay, who should, properly speaking, have been mentioned first. But it is part of the strange and ancient chivalry of the theatre to put the men's names on the top of the programme and to tack the ladies' on at the end, and I never was one who aspired to start a new fashion. The scene is called "Maisie's Morning," and it represents the lady obviously suffering from the effects of a birthday night at the club. After a vivid but futile argument with the alarm-bell, she rises from her couch and proceeds to her tub, which is necessarily, for the most part, in a state of prudent concealment. Maisie is apparently one of those stalwarts who take ice in the morning bath, and to see her chasing a chunk of the slippery and elusive stuff round her room is an abiding joy. While she is in her bath the telephone rings, as is usual under the circumstances, and she has to rush to it in a state of *déshabillé*, or whatever they call it when you just wrap a bath towel round you and make a dash for the home base.

THERE is a little story of a missed theatrical engagement tacked on to the scene, but that is a trifle compared to the fun of Maisie at her bustling morning toilet. A little later in the evening Miss Gay appears as a dashing Guardsman in full uniform, and she strides up and down the stage in military formation, as it were, with a playful warning to the girls to be on their guard against the Guards. We were told officially during the War to "be on our guard," but I did not know that that was the trouble. This dashing song is followed by an amusing scene, entitled "Hello, New York." On a large map representing a considerable section of both hemispheres, we see Mr. Lupino as "Bob" in London exchanging compliments with Mr. Bertram Dench as "Silas" of New York, while Miss Connie Emerald as "Babette" is listening-in at Paris. The talk is alive with cheerful humour, and almost each sentence is punctuated with rich laughter that shows that the audience is enjoying the scene mightily.

THERE is a scene devoted to our "Ancestors of the Future," which may, for all I know to the contrary, be prophetic in these topsy-turvy days. In the present year of grace, a young man is heard complaining to his chum that his "people" object to his proposed marriage with a professional actress. But of late years so many actresses have married, as it were, into civil life, that it is not surprising to learn that "Several Years Hence" the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. The marrying young man has become engaged to a lady of title, but his "people" object this time because she is not on the stage. Miss Maisie Gay is prominent here as an actress who, having

married into the peerage, has become a Duchess, and still follows her profession in order to give her husband a home like that to which he has always been accustomed. Harmony in the new home is restored by the admission of the lady of title that she is a professional dancer, and therefore, entitled to the "people's" esteem. The Duke himself is the first to agree, as at a second, or third, glance he claims to have recognised the lady by her—legs.

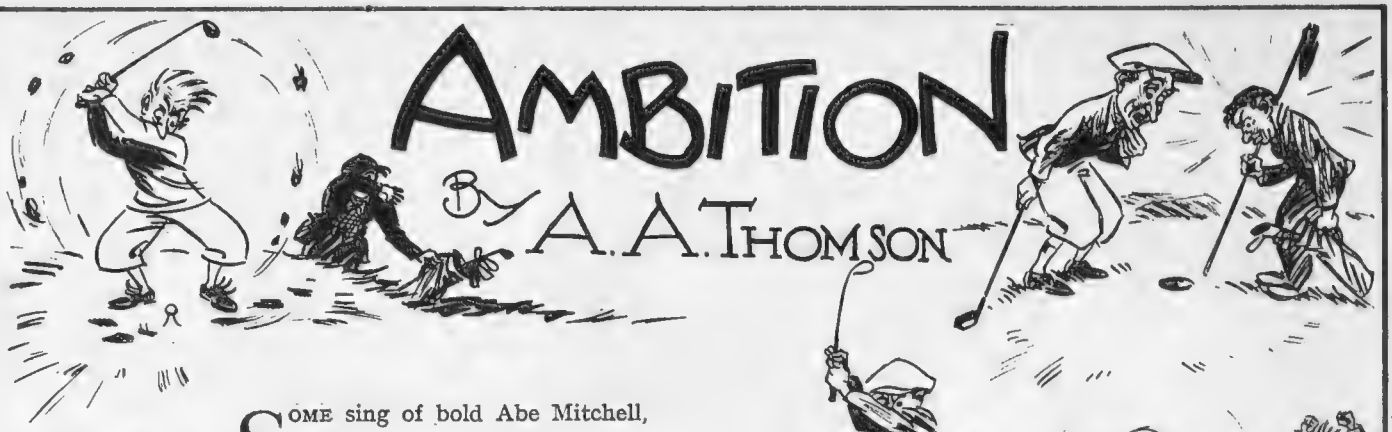
WE have learned by experience that a revue at the Hippodrome necessarily involves the provision of scenic beauty of a rare excellence. A foretaste of what is coming is supplied by a scene entitled "Love Will Find a Way." After Miss Madge Elliott, Mr. Claude Anthony, and Mr. George Baker have represented gracefully and musically a phase of the eternal triangle, the chorus gets busy. A sort of open lattice-work forms the background of the scene, and the ladies at once start nimbly climbing this, while from a trap-door below more and still more ladies follow on, looking in their feathery attire like so many dainty spiders waiting to invite a fly into the parlour. But the great display comes with the scene entitled "Beads." There is a little pretence of buying a necklace for the best girl, and the stage becomes at once flooded with lovely creatures representing all the different kinds of beads in and out of fashion. Their processions, backed by elaborate and gorgeous scenery, provide a vision of splendour that must represent the high-water mark of this branch of spectacular industry.

IN the second part Mr. Lupino has a funny scene, when as "Samuel" he decides to sleep out in the open. Part of the roof of his house is flat, and the air is comparatively fresh, after allowance has been made for the soot from the neighbouring chimneys and the overflow of the neighbouring gasworks. But his chief trouble is that he is overlooked by neighbours whose roofs adjoin his own. While the bed on which he is to camp out is being wrestled up to the roof, one of the neighbours, not inaptly known as "Nosey," is profuse in his offers of assistance; and when this is declined, he volunteers irritating advice from his attic window. As soon as bedtime has arrived another neighbour strolls in to reconnoitre the roof, in order to find a likely spot for his new aerial; and, a little later, a cat-burglar, being chased over the roofs, hides in "Samuel's" bed to elude his pursuers. At this dangerous stage of the proceedings it is observed that Mr. Nosey does not offer help. Presently, however, one of "Samuel's" neighbours, a sweet young thing addicted to somnambulism, moves dreamily towards the bed and gives "Samuel" her candle to extinguish. Mr. Nosey at once calls to enquire if he can be of any help—well, I ask you! *Better Days* will certainly repeat the success of its Hippodrome predecessors.

JINGLE

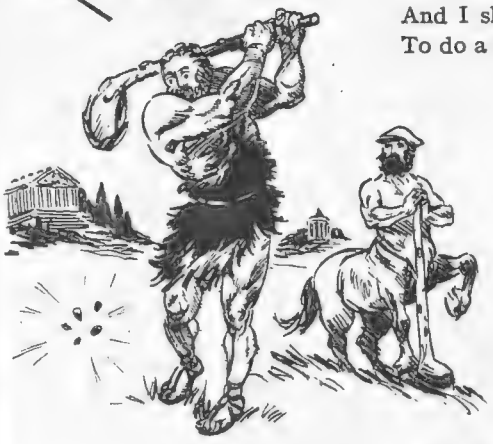
AMBITION

By A. A. THOMSON



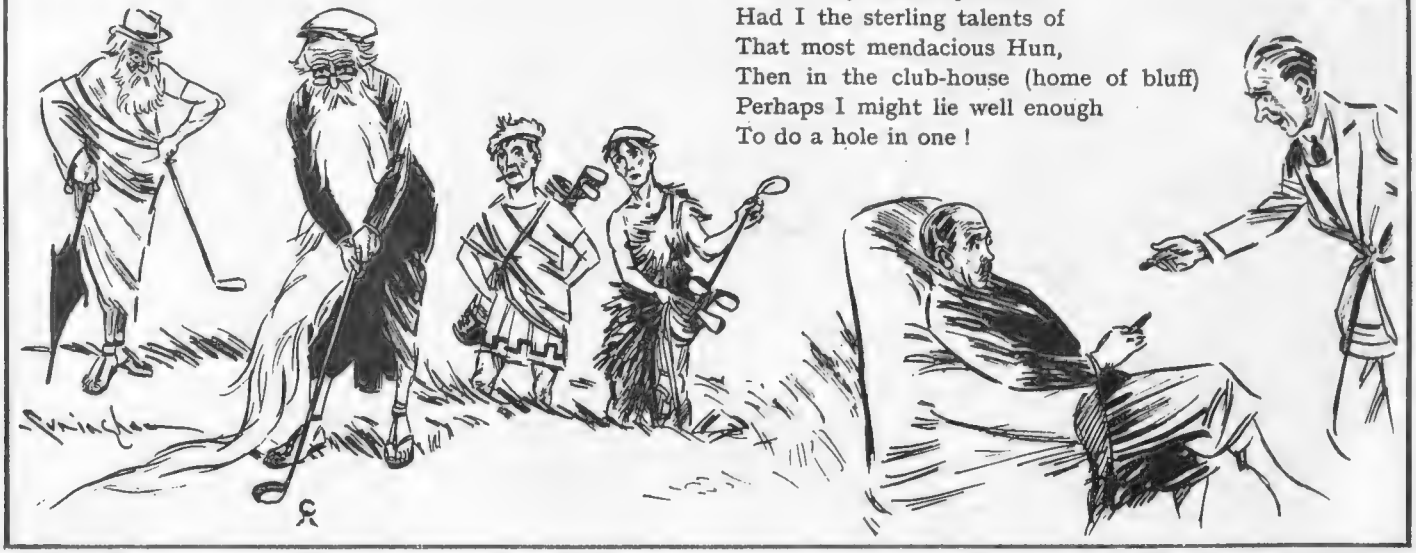
SOME sing of bold Abe Mitchell,
Of Braid and Vardon rare;
These are the great names which'll
Win plaudits everywhere.
But were I skilled as Herd, whose drive
Flies swift as maxim gun,
I fear I'd still land in the rough,
For, oh, I am not skilled enough
To do a hole in one.

IF I were strong as Sandow
Or hard as Hackenschmidt—
I hope you understand how
I work these rhymes to fit—
But were I strong as Hercules,
Whose watch-chain weighed a ton,
My opening drive I still would "fluff,"
And I should not be strong enough
To do a hole in one.



I FEEL impelled to mention
Methusalah—(loud cheers!)—
Who drew an Old Age Pension
For nigh nine hundred years.
But though like old Methusalah's
My tale of years might run,
I'm not made of heroic stuff;
I fear I'd not live long enough
To do a hole in one.

YOU'VE heard of one Münchausen,
A wily customer,
Who told lies by the thousan'—
And lovely lies they were.
Had I the sterling talents of
That most mendacious Hun,
Then in the club-house (home of bluff)
Perhaps I might lie well enough
To do a hole in one!



SKETCHES BY CUNINGHAM

FIVE OF THE BEST

No. 5 Royal Dornoch

By THE ERRANT GOLFER

ILLUSTRATED BY CUNINGHAM

WHEN Ernest said, in his airy way, "I vote we go and sample the golf at Dornoch; I hear it is jolly good," I acquiesced readily enough, being quite vague as to its actual position on the Scottish coastline, and not realising in the least what we were letting ourselves in for.

In point of fact it is six hundred and thirty-six miles from Euston, and a bare sixty from John o'Groats.

You can't go very much further North for your golf, even if you want to. But you won't want to, when you get there. The trouble will be to get away from it. It is always "Just one more day, ol' man." It is like that insidious final drink we all know so well, and succumb to so weakly.

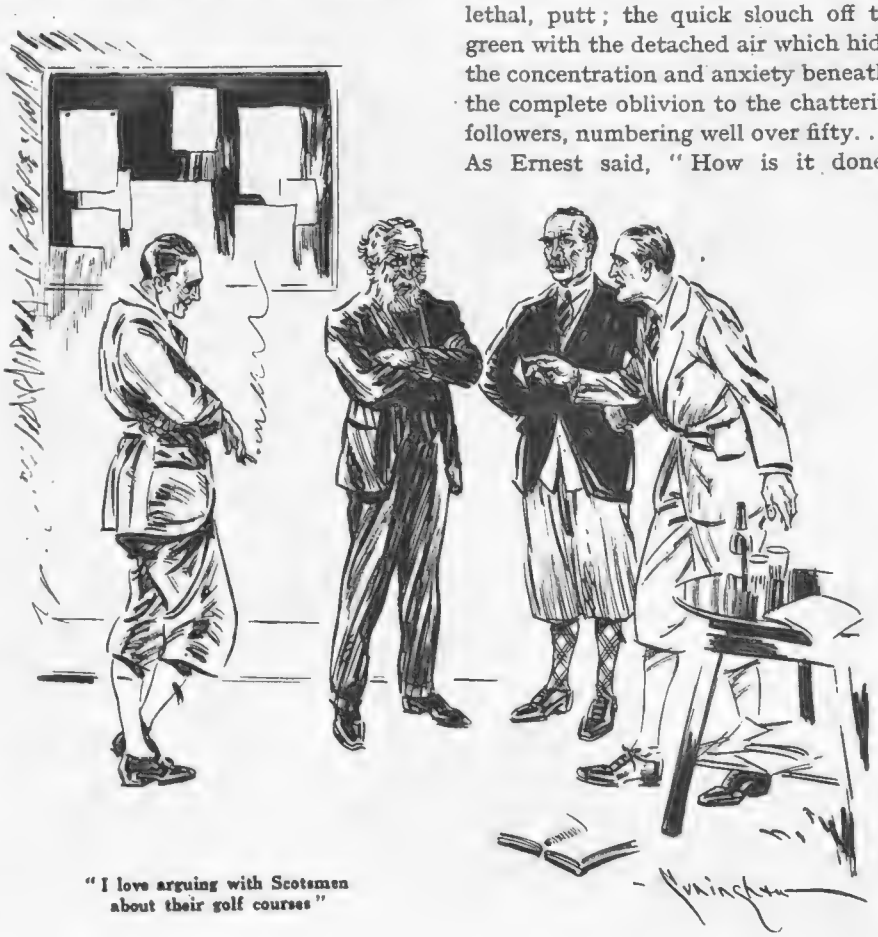
Everything went smoothly enough as far as Inverness. Ernest snored trumpet-wise in the adjoining sleeper, while I—well, has anyone ever met a man or woman who admitted to snoring? At Inverness, having thoroughly over-eaten ourselves at breakfast—did you ever meet anyone who did not over-eat themselves at an Inverness breakfast?—Ernest became obsessed with a craving to go and buy wool for golf stockings, and it was only with great difficulty and tact that I inveigled him into the Highland train. He has got a girl somewhere who knits; he calls her mysteriously Madame Lafarge—but I am sure that is not her real name. . . .

You wander on through wild Scotch country until they turn you out of a tired train at a place called "The Mound." It seems to be the end of everything. But no, you proceed along another little line all round the edge of a deep bay. Some idea of the nature of the coast here may be gauged by the fact that about every five minutes Ernest, with his body half out of the window, would turn inwards to me and say, "Great Scot! *Some* golfing country, this, what?"

And so it is. Twenty golf courses could be constructed hereabouts, none within sight of each other. And all would be good. Even then Royal Dornoch would be the best of them. I love arguing with Scotsmen about their golf courses. I have played over most of them, and I always say Dornoch is the best, partly for the pleasure of hearing the Ayrshire man, the Aberdonian, and the Fifeshire fanatic becoming excited, and partly because I love the place above all others for the delectable game.

You must exercise great self-restraint if you go and stay there. Otherwise you are liable to become so obsessed by the charm of it that you will alter all your business plans and stay on and on, oblivious of other claims upon you. Not that I showed any self-restraint, for directly I got there they offered me membership to the club (very kindly) and I accepted with alacrity, considering myself extremely lucky if I got up there once every two years or so to make use of it.

Our first sight of the course at Dornoch was a chastening one. We could not play, just for the moment, because there was the annual Caddies' Competition in progress. We accordingly became part of the gallery that walked round in the wake of two children, both under fourteen years of age. They had about four rusty old clubs apiece. But they had all the tricks and mannerisms of a James Braid or a Walter Hagen, and not a little of the skill. It quite upset Ernest, depressed him for the rest of that day. He wanted to go home. Said it was fatuous, a couple of old stiffs like us trying to play, after seeing these boys getting on with it. You probably know the sort of thing I mean—the staccato shot off a minute lump of sand on the tee; the crisp effortless iron play; the deadly running up approach; the rather careless, though lethal, putt; the quick slouch off the green with the detached air which hides the concentration and anxiety beneath; the complete oblivion to the chattering followers, numbering well over fifty. . . . As Ernest said, "How is it done?

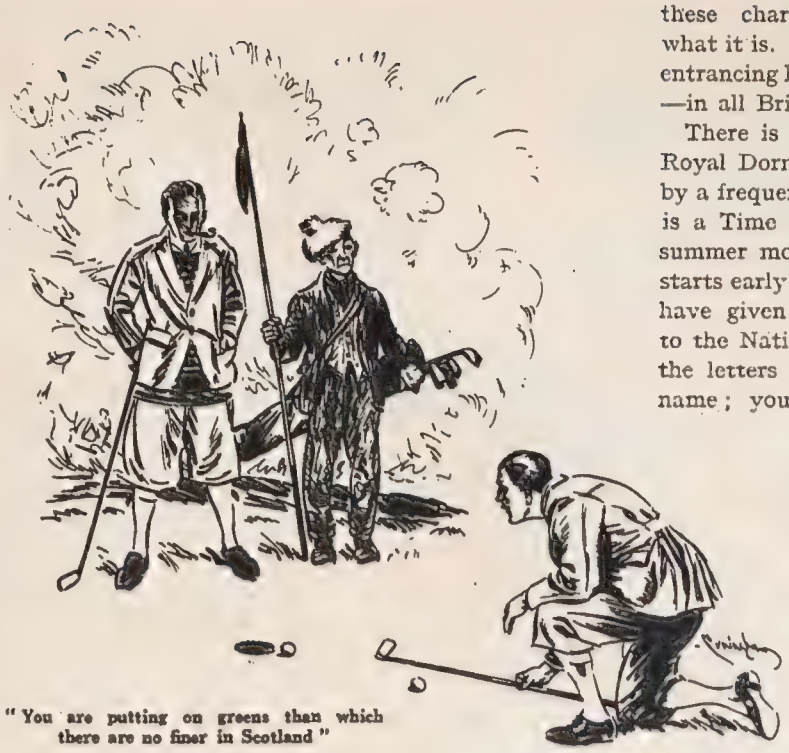


"I love arguing with Scotsmen about their golf courses"

What the deuce is the good of our attempting——?"

But the next morning, after a first night spent in that superb little hotel on the Links' edge, the after-breakfast stroll across dew-sprinkled grass to the staid clubhouse; the leisurely practice swing on a deserted first tee . . . . Ernest had already begun to prattle about "buying a small house here" . . . what a blissful moment for all golfers.

There is nothing spectacular about Dornoch. It just grows upon you, slowly but surely enveloping you in an atmosphere quite peculiarly its own. It may be that you are putting on greens than which there are no finer in Scotland. It may be the great age of the Links—men were playing here in 1609—and the tranquillity that seems always to be wrapped about old age. It may be the colours of the sea and the Sutherland mountains in the distance, viewed from the plateaux you play upon for the first six holes. It may be that if you are on your game you can do seemingly marvellous feats here—it is probably a conglomeration of all these charms that makes Dornoch what it is. And that is one of the most entrancing holiday places in all Scotland—in all Britain.



"You are putting on greens than which there are no finer in Scotland"

There is just one other thing about Royal Dornoch that must be recorded by a frequent sufferer elsewhere. There is a Time Sheet for play here in the summer months. A time sheet which starts early and finishes late. You may have given a couple of Art Galleries to the Nation; you may have most of the letters of the alphabet after your name; you may be merely vulgarly rich with no other social pretensions; but *you can't execute a wangle with the time sheet.* The ballot for starting times is scrupulously fair, equally to the + 6 as to the — 20 man. It is under the iron hand of two members of the impeccable committee, present themselves daily. This should make some thrusting plutocrats pensive—should it not?

"The Errant Golfer" series includes articles, already published, on the following Golf Courses: TURNBERRY, NEWCASTLE COUNTY DOWN, TROON, LYTHAM and ST. ANNE'S.

THE BYSTANDER £500 GOLF TROPHY

TUESDAY, MAY 5th. LONDON COUNTRY CLUB, HENDON

Two years ago the proprietors of THE BYSTANDER presented a handsome Silver Challenge Trophy, valued at £500, for a golf competition which, both from the novelty of its conditions and the unusual beauty of the Trophy, attracted widespread interest in golfing circles last year and the year before. The third year's competition for the Trophy is to be fought over the London Country Club's course at Hendon on Tuesday, May 5. It is to be a mixed foursome (professional partnered by a lady), played over thirty-six holes. About seventy couples are being invited from clubs within a 30-mile radius of London. Professionals will be rated at plus 4, and their lady partners limited to 14 handicap L.G.U., each pair receiving three-eighths of the combined handicap.

THE BYSTANDER CHALLENGE TROPHY

Which is held by the winners for one year. It is valued at £500

THE Trophy is a handsome silver centre-piece representing a *combat à l'outrance* between the Earl of Douglas and Hotspur at the battle of Otterburn in 1388. James, the 2nd Earl of Douglas, is mounted on a charger; on his shield are plainly visible the Douglas arms, which the present Marquis of Queensberry now bears. Hotspur—the redoubtable Henry Percy, the 1st Earl of Northumberland's eldest son—is represented by the dismounted figure, bearing on his shield the crest of the Percy family. The centre-piece was made in 1855. It shows extraordinarily fine finish and workmanship, and is valued at £500.

BY STAN TERRY

NON-PLUSSED

THE RIGHT C

A Golfing Tragedy of the man w

BY H. H. HARRIS

CLUB SPIRIT

ho tried to get a proper swing

BY FREDERICK PARKER

LOST BALL

PARISIANA By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

DON'T you love these downright fellows, the people who can make a really hefty hundred per cent. no-possibility-of-error affirmation, and build up on it an entire sky-scraper of unchallengeable arguments? *Moi, je les adore,* as Mistinguett would say, before or after discarding her thirty-third pair of step-laddered silk stockings in one evening. Listen to this for sublime confidence in unqualified assertion:

"The beauty of Fifth Avenue"

"There is more grace and charm in a simple Parisian midinette than in the whole collection of feminine millionaires who pass for professional beauties in England and America, taken together." I am lost in raptured admiration for M. de Beauverger, who can dash off lightly, just before the *hors d'œuvres*, a cyclonic denunciation which wipes right off the map of feminine loveliness all the grace and charm of English or American women, just as a tornado blots out a few States of the Middle West. And after a little rapture, I would like to take him to the Goose Fair at Nottingham, to a Saturday night parade in the Five Towns, to the "loosing" of a mill in Blackburn or Hunslet, and ask him what he thought of that grace and charm—plus nature's complexions. It would be no use to lead him down Regent Street, as he takes his standard from workgirls.

M. DE BEAUVERGER affects a weird line in contentiousness. It seems that some kindred iconoclast, of different race, had been alleging that the women of Paris had lost their *chic* and elegance, that more beautiful and charming women were to be seen in Bond Street or Fifth Avenue than in the Rue de la Paix. How do you think M. de Beauverger responds to that? He says the women that the other critic saw in the Rue de la Paix were not Parisiennes at all, but English and American women, partially disguised in Paris frocks—a quaint path of escape.

IF this critic, adds the emphatic M. de Beauverger, had been willing to abandon his cocktail and saunter about the Rue de la Paix around six o'clock, he would have seen *arpettes* and *petites ouvrières* who, with a little bit of stuff, odd ends of velvet, a ribbon and a *bâton de rouge* had achieved a miracle. "He would have learned that Parisiennes, of whatever class, are the best-shod women in the world, possess the tiniest feet, as well as the legs *les plus spirituelles*." So there! That's that. And all lady Bystanders are expected to hide their feet, as well as their *jambes*, *pas spirituelles*, under their frocks—yea, even under these abbreviated-beyond-mystery frocks.

"The midinette"

NOW for our sledge-hammer back-punch at M. de Beauverger, one right out of the old stock. Let us accept that about the legs, *spirituelles* in relation thereto being a word that has scarcely an equivalent in English, that twinkling attribute not having been cultivated. And we can agree about the miraculous talents of the *arpette*, devising "creations" from odds and ends of velvet and ribbons. They have no more constant admirer than René. But in regard to beauty, the critic was right and M. de Beauverger is one hundred per cent. wrong. There *are* more beautiful women in any town in England than in any city of similar size in France. And now we will await the next onslaught.

"An imitation of Cortez's Perry on a 'tube' platform"

PARISIENNES, incidentally, are indulging in peculiar experiments in the matter of fashion. There has been a rage for tweed costumes that has taken most bewildering turns. Only a few seem to have got the idea right. Somebody seems to have mentioned that the sports costumes of English-women were most *chic*, and in about seventeen days there was an outbreak of sports costumes that made the Grand Boulevards look like a suburb of St. Andrews or North Berwick. But what's perfect for mid-Surrey is the oddest thing on the

Boulevard des Capucines at shopping time, except for English tourists who "do" Paris in kit designed for ski-ing in Switzerland.

"Turning an old play into a new one"

WELL, we shall probably get over that when May sunshine makes tweeds impossible, but somebody else reported on English girls' monocles and mannish coats, and Parisiennes, ready to race ahead, have arrived at the theatre in a dinner-jacket, as an extra support for their six-inch cigarette-holders. It doesn't seem to have captured much approval among those women who had not thought of it, but among husbands the idea has won instant popularity. One dinner-jacket will outlast fifty-two frocks.

AND that fact will probably kill the fashion very early. Anything that keeps the wads in the wallet has as much chance of permanency as a tourist, unable to speak French, has of being unable to find his way to the Folies-Bergère. And nobody has ever claimed the prize, offered by a high-minded old city father, to the tourist who took the wrong turning when heading the first time for the Theatre of the Shepherdess's Follies.

WE went round to the Moulin Rouge again this week to see if the Hoffmann girls had lost any of their pace or devil after three months of super-high-speed gyrating on the widest ledge of the Martyr's Mount. But they seem to be whirling faster than ever. If there is anything faster on two feet than a Hoffman girl, then she has not been seen in Paris, and if she did come she would have about as much visibility as a fly-wheel in an electric power station. I heard a neighbouring spectator remark that the Hoffmann girls make the Tiller girls look slow, but it seems to me the Tiller girls have an advantage. The Hoffmann girls move too fast to catch husbands, but the Tiller girls are not too slow for that. The Tillers are tillers; no huffing about them.

M. MAURICE DONNAY is a valiant stalwart of the Old Guard. He has observed that a handful of very young playwrights are exhibiting a tendency to occupy the bills of nearly all the Paris theatres simultaneously. M. Donnay has shown that one of the Old Guard can play a nice hand of cards in this game. When he is not producing a lively new piece, he is reviving one of his good old ones. And he holds a "joker" that gives him a heavy pull over his young rivals. He has introduced a system of turning an old play into a new one by a re-making of the *milieus* and removing the "situations" to localities which are *tout à fait à la page*.

"PENSION DE FAMILLE" has become "Un Homme Leger," and the Academician has revealed that the solemn labours of preparing the national dictionary have not prevented him from making a deep study of the wildest section of the *hivernants* on the Riviera, the *fantoches*, gamblers and pleasure-hungered who are making Cannes another Deauville. He has "fixed" them very successfully.

M. DONNAY is very sure-footed, as sure-footed as a girl who appealed very much to Marcel's pencil when she insisted on giving an imitation of Cortez's Peggy on the edge of a "tube" platform last night. We gave her about five minutes to live as she did a whirl dance before an approaching train, but she finished the extreme-edge *pas* and survived, so we are able to publish the sketch instead of employing it for a funeral card. RENÉ

FINDING THE CLOU By LANCE MATTINSON

MAGISTRATE: "This appears to have been a most serious and unprovoked assault. The man only said a few words to you, and you knocked him down and kicked him"

PRISONER: "But he asked me if I knew a word of ten letters denoting a ——"

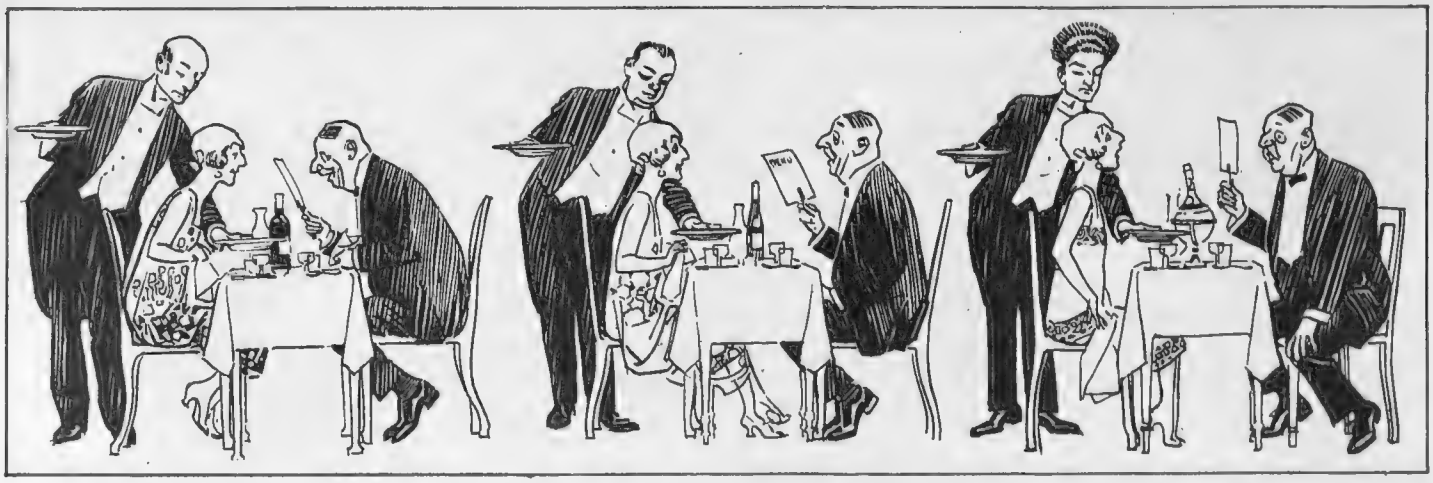
MAGISTRATE: "That's enough—you're discharged!"

Dressed for the Ball

Janet Jevons

MISS QUEENIE THOMAS

In the Poudré dress she is to wear for the Stage Guild Costume Ball at the Opera House, Covent Garden, on April 16



THE RECURRING "MENU": PARIS—— ——NICE—— ——FLORENCE——

MY AWFUL MUSICAL TASTE

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

THE members of the Sanger family, as anyone who has read "The Constant Nymph" will tell you, always tried to get run over after a concert. I regret to say that I would rather be run over before a concert.

It is not that I am not musical. Frequently I sing in the bathroom, and, when I am by myself, in the woods or far out upon the rocks when the tide is low. My tune is a good tune, though the words you may not care for. If this is to be an honest piece of writing, I had better set them forth:

Are you Mr. Reilly who keeps this hotel?
Are you Mr. Reilly they speaks of so well?
If you're the O'Reilly they speaks of so highly,
Gawblimey, O'Reilly, you are looking well.

You do not like it? You are quick to note that the name of the man apostrophised is changed from Reilly to O'Reilly just to suit the air, and you probably resent the oath with which the last line begins. I am abashed. In explanation I plead that I sing it only to the feathered denizens of the woods and the carapaced crawlers of the rock pools.

I know perfectly well that you hear much better songs than that at concerts, and I know that good instrumental and orchestral music transports one to another world. The trouble with me is that I like this world until I am sitting on a hard seat in a temperature that is either too low or too high. Once in the concert-room, certainly it is worth while being transported. But why go there when by staying at home you can enjoy contentment?

First, there is the business of the tickets. The woman, or chief, of the excursion always insists that the man shall buy them. Now you would think that buying concert tickets was well within woman's scope. They plead at the bar and practise medicine and preach from pulpits, do they not? Then why draw the line at buying concert tickets? But *they* do. "Don't forget to look in at Rookham's," they say, "and get two stalls on the strings side for Helen's recital." You do forget. Meekly you suggest that you have so many things to remember that perhaps the woman, or chief, might manage this little effort. This is met with a decision not to go, and a cold enquiry if you like a second baked apple. (Baked apples are nice, of course, but they never look nice, do they?)

Of course, on the following day you remember. You have just finished a particularly good lunch at Claridge's and are wondering what the woman, or chief, is having at home. This reminds you of the concert, and you call a page. "Go," say you, giving money, "to Rookham's and get two stalls on the strings side for Helen's recital." Suddenly you realise that "Helen" is not enough. You must know Helen who. (There was once produced in America a farce called "Whose Helen are you?") You are now compelled to go to the telephone.

Your wife answers your call. You can tell she is in the middle of her lunch because she says "M'm?" instead of "Yes?" You ask "Whose Helen are you? No, I don't mean that. What comes after Helen in the case of Helen whose recital we are going to hear?" There is a pause. "Are you trying to be funny? You're always like this when you ring up from a club. Helen is Mrs. Osnaphlegm, of course." "You don't say so," say you. "Yes," says she, "but she sings under her maiden name, McHoo."

Presently the page secures for you two stalls on the strings side of Helen McHoo.

Arrived at the scene of the disport, the woman, or chief, of the expedition demands that you shall produce the tickets. Here is one of the deepest thoughts that the human male is compelled to think in the whole course of his existence. Where are the tickets on the strings side? Theatre tickets a man can easily manage. Personally, I always put them loose in the left-hand trouser-pocket, having Pelmanized myself into doing this simultaneously with the checking of the contents of my cigarette-case. I have taken these pains because I should be as sorry as anyone else if turned away from a good revue or a musical comedy. But for the sake of your Helen McHoos I do not propose to wear out my short stock of wits.

The tickets, you reflect, were in an envelope, a little envelope which advertised face-powder, was it not? Yes, you explain, you remember that distinctly. You also remember jotting down on the back of it the name of that stock which Edward said was sure to rise. After buying at his advice, did you carelessly throw the envelope away? Yes. . . . No. . . . Yes, that's the envelope that the chemist put round your prescription. . . . No, here it is. You flush with pleasure, look into your wife's cold face, and then pull yourself together to face Helen McHoo.

Why is the floor slippery? Perhaps it helps the music. Will not the chairs slide on it? Perhaps they will. So do not put your hat under your chair. You are in the front row because you are the only ones who have paid, the rest being Press or sympathetic, and, if your chair started sliding, your hat would look rather ridiculous left behind. Best hold it.

The orchestra begins. It plays "William Tell" or "Zampa." I know

——ROME—— ——ALGIERS—— ——EGYPT——

By Reginald Cleaver

——JERUSALEM—— ——AMONG THE ANNEXATIONS—— ——IN DARKEST AFRICA

a man who boasts that at one of his wife's concerts the orchestra played neither of these overtures, but began with "Mignon." It did not strike me as much of an improvement, but you have no idea how this man put on side about it. He got quite "Ritzey," as the New Yorkers say.

The next contribution is invariably a violin solo. This solo is either the Kreutzer Sonata or Dvorak's Humoresque. On a Sunday it might be a Handel Largo, or Salut d'Amour on a popular night. But, take violinists for all in all, they will give you the Kreutzer Sonata if they can. It is not for me to blame them. But for the grace of God I might be a fiddler myself.

We are now at grips with Helen McHoo. Like the cat she is, she has put herself down for three songs all at once, knowing only too well that, if she is to get an encore, she must force it. Here are the songs:

(*a*) A little Gladness. (*Schirl.*)
(*b*) Weave, spider, weave. (*Ed. Laloo.*)
(*c*) Chanson de l'amour. (*Hopkins.*)

I hate these songs, and I do not believe in the existence of anybody who does not. Why cannot songs have useful, practical themes? Supposing Helen's first three had read like this:

(*a*) Electricity as an Anæsthetic.
(*b*) The Oxy-Acetylene Blow-Pipe.
(*c*) Uninflammable Curtains.

The entire audience, male and female, would be fascinated. I, for one, would join in the choruses, if any.

Helen, of course, is applauded by the sympathetic, and the representatives of the Press go out in a body. This encourages the vocalist, and her accompanist strikes up the opening bars of a song called

"The Woode-Mayden."

Ordinary human beings spell it "woodmaiden," but in the singing world it ruins your chances if you know how to spell. Why did she not ask us what we would like to hear? I should have stood up and said, "Sing all you know about 'Positive differential gear for motor vehicles' or, alternatively, 'Hares, rabbits and mice in Australia.'" You see, we get so many valuable talks on the wireless, that I'm quite through with romance and sentiment.

Well, you know as well as I do what follows. The orchestra will do the Dances from Henry VIII because no orchestra yet has been trained not to do the Dances from Henry VIII. You are extremely lucky if it does not do "1812." The violin person will execute a Czardas or a Caprice or, on the 13th of the month, a Cavatina. Helen will re-appear, but with only an "a" and a "b" instead of an "a," a "b," and a "c." This cheers you up till you discover how long they are. The first is called "Only a Memory," but it seems to contain the story of her whole life. The second is called "Mairie" because song-writers cannot spell Mary. You fidget and wonder why she can't sing about, say, "Meat Preservation," or "Cures for Burns."

But the end comes, and, home again with a whisky and soda, you recover your good spirits. You chaff your wife about her tastes. At least, I do. I dare to. I am told that I am soulless, concrete, callous, lethargic, blunt, paralysed, brutalised, frigid, torpid, pachydermatous. All that, me!

Why, I *love* music, real music.

Are you Mr. Reilly who keeps this hotel?
Are you Mr. Reilly they speaks of so well?
If you're the O'Reilly they speaks of so highly,
Gawblimey, O'Reilly, you are looking well.

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

TONE TO THE PROCEEDINGS

THE VOICE: "All stations will now transmit local news"

YOGO HAMA ON GOLF

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

MY small feathered private Hon. sparrow has whisper to me straight from the Editorial stable that this are to be a very especial golfing no. As I have made frequently to study this so delicious and upper 10 sporting, I shall now produce some good tippings which I trust to hope shall be non-estimably valuable to ty-roes, non-sophisticates and other ignoramus persons who seek to become golfsters for the 1-st time. The sport of golf, or foot polo, I declam, dates itself back very anciently to on or before B.C. and was a Scotch patent. It consists as follows vizly: (Extractions from "Elementary Golfings for Tyroes. By Prof. Y. Hama net 7/6"). To propel with a stick by 2 or 4 persons a globular pill for who shall push it the most distance, then to run for who shall reach the goal 1-st and putt it. But ignoramus persons must not jump to suppose that it are so easy as the words sound, because very reversely happens to be the case. Unless the tyroe possesses very great aiming talents, he may expend numerous years before he achieves to expertly swipe the pill and entitle himself to wear plus 4's and other decorations. Also he requires to adroitishly manipule vastly numerous golfing weapons for propelling, extracting, pushing and smacking aforesaidly pill to victory. Let us now imagine to suppose we are on the golf field observing to play a very medium expert, but who has succeed to win his plus 4's and suchly Hon. handicaps.

Armed to the teeth with his caddy (golf-sticks bag) he preambles to the combat field and digs a diminutive dirt mountain which he then sits his pill on for good swipings. He then takes a propelling stick and performs some very gigantic and awful swipes at the air. If this are his non-luck day and he succeeds to only score a minus, he adumbrates very non-theologically and uses commentings very shockful to the tyroeish ear. He then reproduces his swipes and when he has successfully smacked Hon. pill (if at all) the odds to 1 are he has propelled same into a bunker where it has now imbottled itself with great security. Arriving to the bunker, he produces a nibelung or extracting stick, which he now strives to disembowel from the bunker his pill with. This are very strenuous exertions and causes him to enunciate frightfully non-ecclesiastical and piousless dialogues to Hon. pill, also address very non-respectfully his Hon. ancestors and the day he was birthed. Sometimes, howeverly, he suffers to experience a very biting remorse which causes him to violently perform a dance on his sticks because they have made him to become so profane and carnal, also to swear by damn he will not ever touch a roseate pill any more with a barge or other pole, but imbue himself in a monastery and get in a veil.

"I have made to study this so delicious sporting"

"Frightfully non-ecclesiastical dialogues"

Howeverly, let us constrain to suppose Hon. pill has become debunkered. But notwithstandingly, we must not run away to imagine that there are not any more dangers and he has now to only drink beer and skittles. Very perhapsly some civilian or other non-legitimate public nuisance has essayed himself to be in the way of Hon. pill and to stop same with his eye. This does not count a goal as in foot-bladder, but to the contrary may cause the golfster to pay mulctings of 100£ for good damages or suffer legal incarcerations in lieu. But we will flatter to suppose this has non-happened. Has he now succeeded to escape all the perils? O no, because all of a suddenly our nostrils are inflated by a stupendously lifeless smell which causes us to experience non-pleasant stomach thrills and other symptoms. How for are this? Because we have non-luckishly made to discover the nest of a defunct stymie. This little 4-footed quadrapetal inhabits golf fields where he feeds on lost pills, only to suffer a dyspeptic demise because of their so non-digestible qualities, thusly causing to evolve a smell of very tremendous h.p. Another golfing animal

"May expend numerous years"

"To violently perform a dance on his sticks"

are the dormy, but he does not promulgate an effluvium, yet not any the less produces great non-conveniences by causing himself to get in the way of the pill which cannot then secure its putt or other legitimate perks. The dormy, I are inform, is also quadrapetal on its legs and is affianced to the porcupine which it very closely resembles itself to. To triumphantly evade this so sportless pest, great tactical evolutions are necessitated, but these are too abstract for a mereish tyroe to understand, so I shall not now decant them. But the dormy cannot bear to see red which causes him

"To stop Hon. pill with his eye"

"Frequently gush with tears"

to endure frightful spasms, hencely we see numerous red flags growing on the golfing field for wise precautions.

Hon. femns are also permit to play golf because it does not require them to bandy blows to each others or other pugilistics like as in footbladder and suchly athletic sportings. Golfing femns, howeverly, suffer very severish handi and other bad caps because of being not able to adequately admonish Hon. pill when he does not hop after recurrent swipes. This causes them to frequently gush with tears as if suffering a requiteless love or other femn pain, so that sometimes we may witness to observe 6 or 9 otherwisely delicious fairs scattered on the golf field enjoying floods of weeps that not even luscious kisses or other sweetish perks could succeed to cut off or imbottle.

Golf, though a non-athletic game, are very goodish training for the imaginations and other truthless virtues, causing its victims to strenuously promulgate magnifications and suchly verbal expansions of their victories, which we politeishly non-believe. This so innocent distemper fastens very adhesively to ageds and other crockish persons who love to blushlessly inform how they achieved a score of love to nil against the wind, or won by a neck in

"Discover the nest of a defunct stymie"

"Strenuously promulgate magnification"

a blizzard, when the complete reverse was the case and they could not swipe Hon. pill for nuts or other fruity perks. Nevertheless, golf are very good sportings for ageds, effetes and femns who do not possess sufficiently strong winds for footbladder and other active sportings, very especially femns, because of their so feeble constitutions and other weaker sex perks. Also they need not be extremely ageds, but quite fresh in the bud and sweetish to the (masc) eye, which makes them to differ very tremendously from the masc combatants.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, your symptoms are as well as we can trust to expect,

I remain,

Yugo Hama

Foulsham and Banfield

GOING SWIMMINGLY

Miss Binnie Hale singing of the joys of bathing, what time the "gentlemen of the chorus" lend a little support in their "gent's natty polo wear." The scene is from that enormous success, "No, No, Nanette," at the Palace Theatre

A Prototype of Modern Architecture

BUILT in positions inaccessible and in forms designed solely for security, the dwellings of the English nobility in feudal days were habitable only by spartans and hardy men-at-arms. With the passing of the feudal system and the advent of the Reformation came the knowledge that homes might safely be built on sites chosen for their convenience and beauty, and in styles that paid more regard to comfort and to art.

Longleat was perhaps the first family mansion to be built in complete conformity with these altered ideas. It is said to have been designed by John of Padua—"devizor of His Majesty's Buildings," to Henry VIII—a gifted Italian architect, who ably succeeded in adapting the ancient classic styles to the needs of English domestic architecture.

The house was built by Sir John Thynne, Controller to the Household of Lady Elizabeth, who afterwards, as his Queen, visited him here. Sir John did not live to carry out the original design, which was gradually completed by his successors to such effect that Macaulay described Longleat as "the most magnificent country house in England."

In its own particular sphere John Haig is just as noteworthy; for this famous whisky possesses the distinction of being the prototype of its kind. It was first distilled in 1627, and by reason of its fine quality and consistent excellence through three centuries has won universal praise.

A Sheraton Sideboard, 18th Century—a typical example of this celebrated furniture designer's work, which was distinguished by some severity of line and quiet ornamentation, the latter frequently taking the form of delicate inlay.

By Appointment. Dye Ken

John Haig?

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

BLIND GOLF

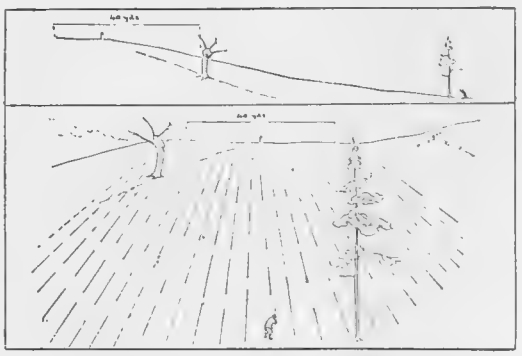
By CHARLES AMBROSE

"Golf architects" are in a bit of a quandary for the moment. The golfing public will have nothing but flat putting-greens. Some years ago flat-putting was considered dull, and to provide "interesting" putting, mountains and valleys were made, which in dry summer weather proved all too exciting. There followed the inevitable reaction, and now no careful golf architect dare make a lump or a bump anywhere.

This may be all very well where the approach to the hole is downhill, or over level ground. But when, as is sometimes inevitable, the approach is uphill, the shot must be "blind" unless the green is so cunningly undulated that the player knows, even if he cannot actually see the base of the flag, exactly the stroke he has to make to get near the hole.

With something of this kind in my mind, it occurred to me to make a little sketch of an uphill approach, send it round to three or four of the leading golf architects, and see what they made of it.

They all said it was impossible so to design a green, under the conditions put up to them, that the player could see the bottom of the pin from 100 yards away.



THE BLIND 100 YARDS APPROACH PROBLEM

Required:—To design a green with at least three alternative positions for the hole, so that the whole flag is visible to the player who has placed his tee-shot accurately.

NOTE.—The slope (about 1 in 6) from the player to the pin is slightly concave, if anything.

The top of the flag is level with the top of the fir-tree.

The parallel lines are about 6 feet apart, and the flag is 6 feet high.

The trees are for reference only, and may be cut down if necessary.

Mr. Abercromby (whom I mention first because his name begins with an A) left it at that. He is off undulations at present.

Mr. Colt explained patiently why he could not cope with it. "You say," he writes, "that there is a rise of 1 in 6 over a distance of 100 yards. This means 17 yards rise, nearly, in 100 yards. So the green is 50 feet above the player, and if you take his line of sight at about 5 feet from the ground, it means 45 feet. To obtain reasonable putting, the slope of 1 in 6 must obviously be corrected, and the green flattened out. Immediately this is done, and the hole cut, say, 10 yards from the edge of the slope, the view of the surface is blocked."

Mr. Herbert Fowler is more helpful. At first he wanted to go round the hill, not liking it; but with a little persuasion he came back to it and designed No. 2. Amongst Mr. Fowler's most notable triumphs are Westward Ho! and Walton Heath. It is a fine record, and Mr. Fowler has been a fine golfer. What should he care for the opinion of a pack of ten-handicap men who have not the knowledge to blame themselves when their ball goes slipping away over the wrong side of a subtle slope, to finish "miles" from the hole?

His design is just like a clover leaf. When the hole is cut on the far frond there is desperately little margin for error, but the player cannot complain that he does not know what he has got to do.

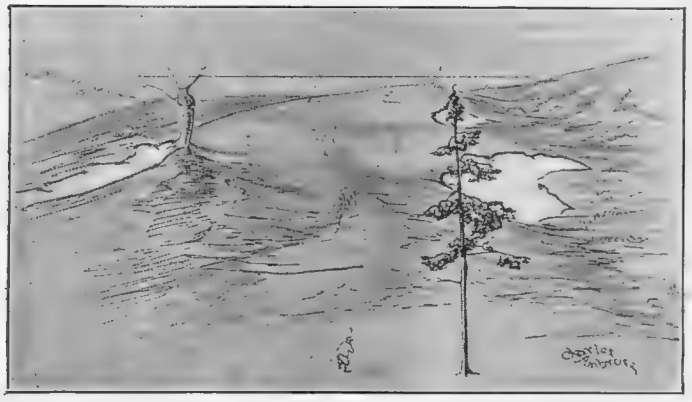
Mr. Fowler insists that the green must be clearly visible from the tee, so that even if the player cannot see the base of the flag, as he plays his approach, he ought to know, nevertheless, just where it is. If he cannot then produce the right shot, he has only himself, and not Mr. Fowler, to blame. As regards the two trees, Mr. Fowler wishes to keep them both in the picture. If the player puts his drive to the right of the fir-tree he will need to play an approach-shot worthy of "Bobbie" Jones if he hopes to get near the hole.

Another courageous golf architect is Dr. Alister Mackenzie, of Yorkshire fame. He positively welcomes the proposition because of its difficulty. No sneaking round it for him! At the same time, Dr. Mackenzie does say that he would not attempt to make a green in such a place except with skilled workmen under his own eye.

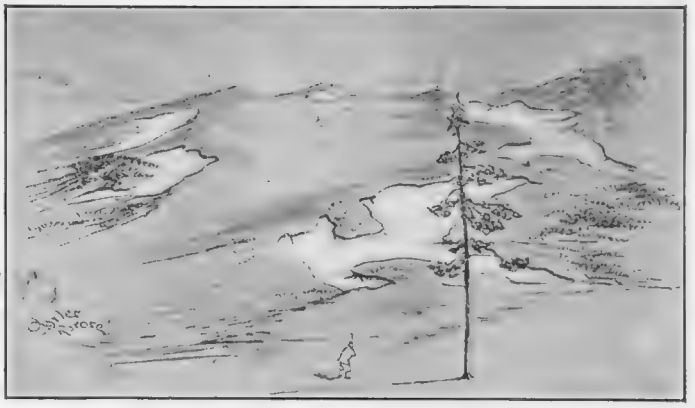
He arranges his green in a succession of tiers or plateaux, with supporting spurs running in from the sides of the green. It is the modelling of those spurs that wants such care. Get them too steep, and in summer a putt played downhill may gather speed and run out of control; not steep enough, and the general slope of the whole green will be too severe. These spurs, properly used, may be made to check and govern a downhill putt which could not be played direct.

Dr. Mackenzie relies greatly on artificial landmarks—*e.g.*, the bunker in the mound at the back of the green—and on character to help him in a case like this. But he has to rely also on the intelligence of the greenkeeper not to go and cut the hole in an impossible place. There are four separate putting-spaces, each clearly defined.

Unlike Mr. Fowler, Dr. Mackenzie had no use for the "blasted oak," and it had to go. But he wanted the pine-tree kept. Indeed, he wanted some more pine-trees planted, up away on the slope to the right, for effect. Most golfers, however, will find his creation quite pretty and convincing enough as it is.



MR. HERBERT FOWLER'S SOLUTION



DR. ALISTER MACKENZIE'S SOLUTION

The Imperial Saloon
£625

Coupe	£575
Phaeton Touring Car	£465
Crown Imperial Saloon	£655
Brougham	£595
Two-Seater	£495

We shall be pleased to arrange for deferred payments.

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The Spring Suspension

Apart from the Chrysler "Six" there is probably no car to-day that can be driven round a turn at anything approaching high speed without side-sway that tends to be alarming.

That disagreeable side-sway is not present in the Chrysler "Six"—for the first time, we believe, in the history of motoring.

It is not present because the engineers who put more than three years' work into the development of the Chrysler "Six" considered its elimination one of the most necessary and desirable features of the new car.

The extreme stability of the Chrysler "Six" is yet another of the results which are causing men of the widest experience with motor cars to become enthusiastic Chrysler owners.

If you have ever seen a chassis with the body removed, you have noted that the frame tapers from the rear towards the front.

You have also seen that the rear springs, mounted directly under the frame, follow the line of the frame sides and are set at an angle to the rear axle.

That was regarded as perfectly good engineering practice until Chrysler discarded it in favour of something better.

What Chrysler has done is to mount the rear springs at right angles to the rear axle, disregarding entirely the taper of the frame.

The springs therefore are parallel to the rear wheels. They are closer to the wheels, and form a wider base for the upper structure of the car.

Such design makes side-sway an impossibility, and, combined with special semi-balloon tyres, promotes the comfort of those in the car.

The entirely new ability of the Chrysler "Six" is also vividly illustrated by the engine. From a 21.6 (R.A.C. Rating) engine the Chrysler develops 68 h.p. and on the road has a speed capacity of more than 70 miles an hour. Yet it consumes rather less than a gallon of petrol in 20 miles. It throttles down to 2 miles an hour on top gear and accelerates from 5 miles an hour to 50, in less than 19 seconds.

Its oil-filter which materially reduces oil consumption and cleanses all the oil in the crank-case every 25 miles, and the centrifugal air cleaner—which prevents the entrance of dust and dirt through the carburettor—add greatly to its smoothness and long life.

Combined with the performance already detailed are absolute lack of a "vibration point," good looks, and pronounced comfort, which make the Chrysler "Six" undoubtedly the most modern and efficient motor car on the market.

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The Chrysler Six

SPORT *on the* RIVIERA

GOLF

By H. S. S.

THE third break in the weather on the Côte d'Azur since the beginning of the year occurred just about a fortnight ago. It was, in the billiards sense of the term, the biggest "break" of the three. Less violent than its predecessors, it was more sustained, and, incidentally, it created a record of sorts, for it washed out the second of the two Beau-Site lawn tennis tournaments at Cannes altogether. A straggling start was made on the Thursday (four days late !), and then, with the Friday a day of almost incessant rain, the only thing to do was to "chuck it." Such a complete *débâcle* has not happened before in the history of Riviera lawn tennis, and that it should have occurred, of all places in this entrancing little world, at the Beau-Site, is pathetic. For it was at the Beau-Site, ever so many years ago, that the Renshaws laboured with their own hands in the construction of its first court.

THIS will suffice to show that golf on the Riviera has had its set-backs likewise, and recently we have been compelled to sit indoors and talk rather than to act. Consequently, I have had a good deal of fun while listening to discussions about the relative merits of the various courses upon which my friends have been disporting themselves, and have been able to compare their impressions with my own.

MY conclusion is that the golf courses of the Riviera fulfil their requirements, but that none of them stands out as a course which the really expert golfer would seek out in his endeavour to find "fresh fields and pastures new"—if he were not on the Riviera. They are in the main easy courses, which is what the golfer of either sex who does not take his or her golf too seriously—in other words the majority out here — really wants. Unquestionably, Mont Agel, perched up on the heights above Monaco, presents the most unique features. For one thing, you breathe the real Alpine air—more invigorating than any tonic—and for another, the scenery is magnificent. The course, too, is excellently planned, but it has one great drawback. It is a stony course, and in places, especially if you are off the line, a rocky one. There is a tale that in the course of its construction millions of stones had to be picked up and removed by hand, and I can well believe it. There are some courses out here which I do not believe anyone would play over again after once sampling them, except upon the *faute de mieux* principle, such, for instance, as the one on which the only "bunkers" are hurdles, but no one could ever say that of Mont Agel. The joy of a day up at Mont Agel quite covers a multitude of stony sins.

EARLY ASTIR *Keystone*

Mr. and Mrs. De Langley setting out for an early morning round on the Mandelieu links. Despite the late hours occasioned by an evening at the Casino, many players are to be found on the links by eight o'clock

THE Nice course at Cagnes is, I am told (I have not actually played over it), a fairly easy one. It looks to me to be so—a straightforward sort of course, fairly well bunkered, but with a certain degree of sameness about it — and I much prefer the Cannes course at Mandelieu. In fact, I fancy that if a plebiscite were taken as to which is the best course on the Riviera, Mandelieu would come out at the head of the poll. Before the weather took its turn for the worse, the Open Challenge Cup was played for at Cagnes, and was won by Major C. R. Blandford with two good rounds of 72 and 73. Peter Gannon was second with 73 and 76, and J. Daly, jun., third with 72 and 79. The Gunn Challenge Cup (one round under handicap) was won by J. S. Sykes with 75—6 = 69. T. M. Turnbull and S. Dixon tied for second place with 70 each. Later on the return match between Cannes and Nice was played over the Cagnes Course. Although on paper the stronger side, Cannes had to admit defeat. In fact, the home team, helped by their local knowledge, won both the Singles and the Foursomes handsomely, scoring 15½ points to 8½.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Saucy Sue

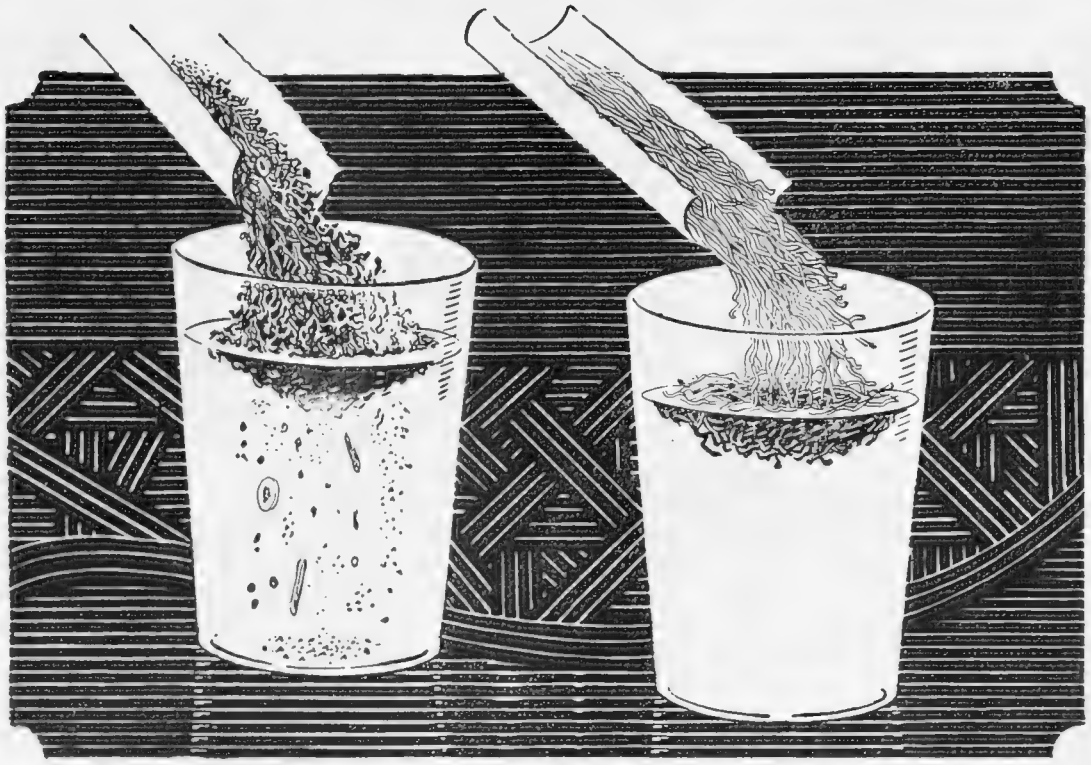
ONE is glad to know that the stories floating around while we were racing at Liverpool to the detriment of Saucy Sue exaggerated the facts of the case. It was commonly reported that the filly had gone wrong and would not be seen in the fields for the One Thousand or the Oaks. Colour was given to these reports, as the name of Saucy Sue was missing from the Manton training reports for several days. You can take it as a fact that the filly was causing anxiety to Alec Taylor about this time, but the trouble, whatever it may have been, did not prevent her from doing a good gallop early last week. I sincerely hope she will go on satisfactorily. Even her trainer cannot say whether Saucy Sue will be relatively as brilliant this year as she was in her first season on the Turf. There is that about her which makes one doubt whether she will make a genuine stayer. She was never extended last season, and I am wondering what she will do if she runs up against a formidable antagonist in the Oaks. We cannot disguise the fact that she is rather a puller. Her own people put it in a milder way, and say that she merely "runs up to her bit." Perhaps her less distinguished stable companion, Miss Gadabout, will prove the more consistent of the two in the long run.

Classic Colts

APART from these two fillies, Alec Taylor has a strong hand in the classic races, for Picaroon is still unbeaten, and at the moment the chances are that he will carry off the Two Thousand. Whether he will win the Derby as well is another story, for he will probably encounter at least one opponent at Epsom who does not meet him at Newmarket. I refer to Ptolemy. My readers will know that I think a lot of that colt. He was the best of his age in France last season, and has grown into a very imposing fellow. Other people also seem to hold a good opinion of Ptolemy, for in one bookmaker's list last week I saw him quoted at only 8 to 1, though that strikes me as being rather under the proper odds. His stable companion, Ginger, is also figuring in the betting at not a very long price. Take my advice and keep off this one, for he has done nothing to show that he is up to classic form, though I admit that in appearance there is a great deal to like about him.

Kempton at Easter

FOLLOWING a few quiet days, racegoers will have plenty of attractions on Easter Monday, when there are flat-race meetings at Kempton Park, Birmingham, and Newcastle, and hosts of fixtures under National Hunt rules. The big event of the afternoon will be the Queen's Prize at Kempton. Alec Taylor has a number of useful horses in this race, but it is impossible to say at the time of writing which of them will be saddled. I make **Portlight** my selection. I am convinced that we saw nothing like the best of him at Lincoln. The Easter Stakes on the same afternoon is likely to bring out some good maiden three-year-olds. I shall go for Lord Derby's selected candidate; one of them, Schiavono, a brother to Tranquil, has not yet been seen in public, but is being much talked of.



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Welcome, Wild Golf Easter

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"A holiday atmosphere about things"

LONDON, *April* 6

DEAR COUSIN—

So this is Easter . . . or, anyway, we're just on the threshold thereof, and not before it was needed, either. By them that work, I mean; and toil and moil (whatever moiling may be), and generally carry on the daily round, the common task, more or less 'cording to the tradit'nal lines, and only released for a tiny while just from time to time for little holidays secured by kind goodwill of, 'parently, either Church or Banks.

"Just enjoy themselves"

WHICH only shows, doesn't it, what a lot of quite good and useful things we owe to these ancient and old-established institutions—what? And if only we kept all the Saints' Days as well, like I'm told they do in at least one of the best and oldest schools, there'd be quite a fair amount of time available, even for the aforesaid labourers, to look around and gaze for a while on the blue skies of a dawning spring, and the soft little darling buds that'll soon be leaves. . . . 'Stead of getting their eyes fixed rigidly on desks and typewriters or knitting or fitting clothes in the smart dressmaking shops that are so much the mode these days among the world's workers of the superior sex.

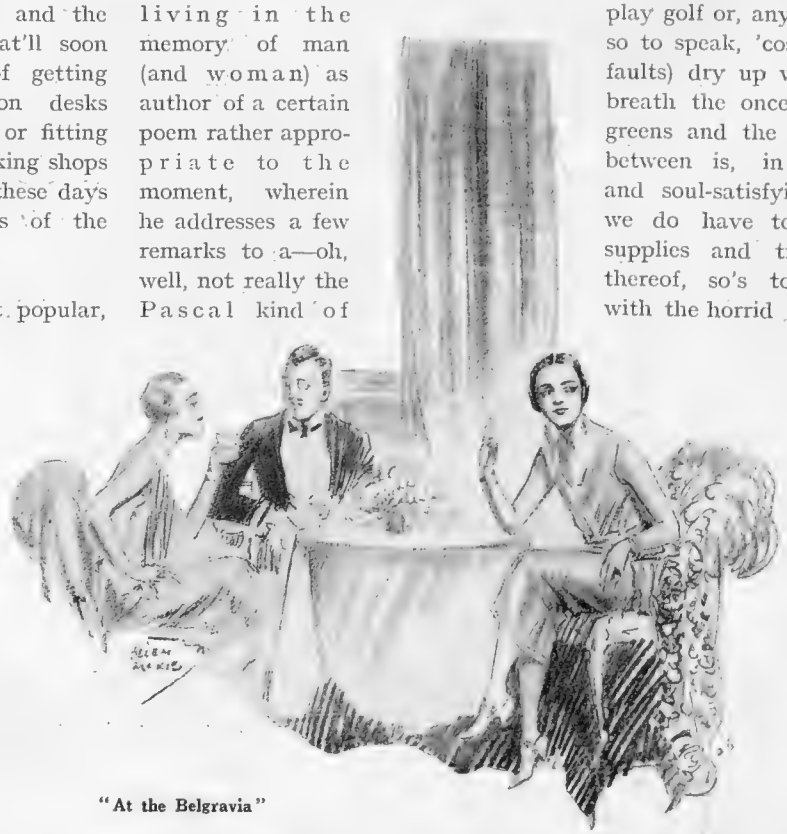
BUT hush! not in the least popular, I'm afraid I shan't be, with some of our captains of industry for saying that, I'm afraid. Like, f'rinstance, the man from Blankley's, or somewhere, who's just been telling us how he built up his marv'lous success and p'sition as manager or something by starting work at age thirteen and never stopping for a single moment, and going on for twelve hours at the very least per day, and often not finishing till midnight, or eleven at the very earliest. . . . But, says he, sadly, shaking his head, there's nothing doing that way now, or words to that effect.

MEN (sez 'e) seem to've lost the power of hard work. . . . Life is too fascinating for them . . . . They just enjoy themselves . . . *Mon Dieu*, just fancy that! They are so despicable as to actually be fascinated with life. They actually *enjoy* themselves, these hopeless criminals, these frivolous *roués*. How dare they? And (or but) isn't it all, on reflection, rather grievous and sad? Surely even these captains of industry, if taken in hand early enough, say when they were merely little lance-corporals without pay or thereabouts, might have been, somehow, induced or cajoled to some not entirely and 'xclusively useful purpose?

BUT talking of Easters, am reminded of one Charles Kingsley, a poet forgotten by our generation, yet still living in the memory of man (and woman) as author of a certain poem rather appropriate to the moment, wherein he addresses a few remarks to a—oh, well, not really the Pascal kind of Easter, but still not altogether untopical, seeing it refers to chilly breezes and blasts:

> Welcome, wild North Easter—
> Shame it is to see
> Odes to every zephyr,
> Ne'er a verse to thee.

Which all sounds very nice, but I'm not sure this poetic North-Easter is quite the same as the ord'nary brand thereof, which we all, to tell the truth, terribly detest, except for one thing.



"At the Belgravia"

WELL, 'tween you and me, dear cousin, almost welcome this somewhat inhosp'table wind, we do, we who play golf or, anyway, tell the world so, so to speak, 'cos it does (whatever its faults) dry up with its bitter blasting breath the once rain-soaked tees and greens and the "pretty" that therebetween is, in the most marv'lous and soul-satisfying manner—even if we do have to double our powder-supplies and treble our application thereof, so's to even begin to cope with the horrid 'plexion-wrecking work of the elements.

Un jeu, too, 'ticularly 'propriate to this present traditionally capricious month as ever is, seeing as how any moment you may start your round with a perfect three and then follow up with a laboriously compiled 8—and that only achieved by the most persevering and

(*Continued on page 122*)

BUCHANAN'S

BY APPOINTMENT

"BLACK & WHITE"

"FINEST OLD LIQUEUR"

industrious "hacking through," as the Huns put it in the late War.

And even if the sun has smiled on you for some sixteen holes, and you've been getting your drive in every time, and your seconds have been peaches and your approaches pitched within a yard or so of the pin, and your putts pos'tively inspired—who knows, one of those April showers may suddenly come down and put you right off your game, and you fluff and top your way along to an inglorious, not to say ignominious, finish.

A beautifully joyous game it is in its super-reckless foolishness, if you only take it in the right way. Such gorgeous strokes of luck that happen now and then (only, 'course, no one calls it "well played") when you lash out with a sort of don't-care super-swing that whirls even further round than Joyce Wethered's—and the ball by some miracle flicks straight away with a ping, soaring bang down the middle of the course almost out of sight. . . . Oh, I wouldn't change that moment even to be Prime Minister or the most brilliantly successful actress that ever was.

And talking about golf, really rather 'spectable and good for one's morals, I believe it is, in the end, whatever they may say, what? The

"Sending in to the Academy"

kind of man, f'rinstance, 'bout whom one of our novelists has remarked, "Michael Angelo meant less to him than Abe Mitchell, and the sunset less than the state of the eighteenth green"—can't help feeling, can you, that he must 've been rather a Pillar of the State, however possibly rather slowish at the uptake in more ord'nary and unimportant affairs, such as love, literature, and so forth.

Rather a sort of holiday atmosphere about things this week, is not there? *Diners dansants* with anything but Lenten fare, 's far as I can see, at the Savoy and Belgravia and places. Oh! and by the way, when we get back from Brighton or Paris, or Eastbourne or whatnot—just 'membered, there's another great big dance on the monster scale just coming on at Covent Garden, the Stage Guild one, to greet us on the 16th, just 'bout when we return.

And the artists have been busy sending in their pictures for the 'Cademy, and Summer Time starts quite soon, and Parliament's prob'ly going to be put on the wireless—yes, as they say in *The Bamboula*, spring is undoubtedly here, even if slightly sprung.

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

Just before your Guests arrive—

You look at your supper table to make sure everything is ready and right, and perhaps add a few personal finishing touches—for instance, drop a little fruit into your bowls or jugs of Lemonade or Orangeade—always the best-liked beverages.

Orangeade and Lemonade are now so easily made; all that is necessary is a bottle of 'Kia-Ora' Orange Squash and Lemon Squash, cold water, and a bowl or jug. Just pour out the contents of the bottle, add three to four quarts of water, decorate with a little cut-up fruit, cucumber, etc.—and the beverages, both Orangeade and Lemonade, are ready.

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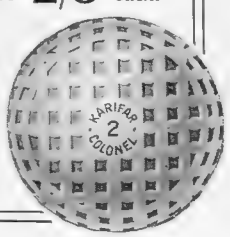

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A CLOSE FINISH AT ETON *Sport and General*

W. H. H. Makant (right) winning the Junior 100 yards in 11 2-5 seconds at the Eton Sports. The race was won by a mere matter of inches, the time being only two-fifths of a second more than that of the seniors. The Hon. G. W. Dawnay was second, and G. S. Inglefield third

RUGGER RAGGINGS

A RETROSPECT. By "PENDARVES."

I DON'T quite know what the word means, but everybody writes about "retrospects" at the end of the season, and we must be in the picture. Now that most Rugger players are on their last legs, as it were, we may as well look back (I believe retrospect means something of that sort—not sure) and see what we have learned in the 1924-5 season.

I, for one, have learned quite a lot. Not least of which is that ever since THE BYSTANDER drew attention some weeks ago to the unclothed appearance of a London Scottish forward's legs, that old Cambridge Blue has been receiving a parcel of garters, from various anonymous well-wishers, nearly every morning. Some portion of his letter to us is very much in the vulgar tongue, but there is a pathetic appeal in the postscript:

". . . If you happen to know the lady who sent me the pink satin ones, last Tuesday, postmark Dover Street, you might have the decency to say so . . ."

However, such is the penalty of fame.

Another experience comes from Twickenham, the seat of learning. A new industry has sprung up here. In all the side streets within half a mile of the ground there has appeared a nomadic race of men who would, when asked by the Magistrate's clerk as to their occupations, reply presumably that they were "car minders." These pickers-up-of-unconsidered-trifles stand about in the little backwaters of the bye-roads and beckon you to this or that portion of the Urban District Council's kerbstone, and eventually collect at least a shilling from you. Why? This is an extortion we are stupid enough to pay. We have a perfect right to the kerbstone, and the "minding" part of the business is a pure farce. Will the excellent Surrey police kindly note?

Under the heading of "Things We Should Dearly Like to Ascertain," may we venture to inquire why Mr. Freethy, the referee in the England *v.* Scotland match, took upon himself to stand down by the goal to watch Luddington's momentous place kick, and not by the ball, which is a referee's proper place at such a moment? And how he could possibly see from that great distance whether Massey had put the ball down or not? Of course, a referee's decision is like unto Cæsar's. Nevertheless, from a purely dramatic, history-making point of view, that safe-as-houses two points lost by the disallowed kick would have made all the difference. For the final score would have read 14-13—*my sainted Aunt!*

The All Blacks have got home at last, to be received on the quayside by hundreds of lovely ladies throwing flowers and crying "you darlings!" and embarrassing things of that sort. What a thing it is to be an invincible footballer.

The New Zealand Rugby Union, not content with decimating our ranks over here, have invited a British team to go out there in order that the dose may be repeated. Thank you very much. But if we can scrape together any men rich enough to be best part of a year out of work, it is to be hoped profoundly we shall get a representative side together or not go at all. We don't want 40 odd points taken off us in every match. If this happens, the New Zealand Parliament will get so cocky they will probably start a war of aggression on Japan, or something expensive of that sort.

Few people have learned how the financial side of the All Blacks tour was arranged, by whom and to what extent, and there is no space here to go into that now, beyond saying it was a perfectly orthodox and legitimate undertaking. But if we send twenty or so men to the uttermost ends of the earth and keep them there for several months it is obvious that our Unions must pay for it. The old habit of paying what are known as "bare expenses" is all very well, but this hits the poor man very hard. And my experience is that the best player of a game is generally the poorest. However we are verging towards the vexed question of alleged professionalism, and that is a truly awful subject, so let us get away from it quickly.

It is sincerely to be hoped that to put the crowning joy upon that lovely ground at Murrayfield, the Scottish Rugby Union before next season will do something really modern and enterprising about a car park *near the Stand.* True, I went to the great game in a penny tram, and saw not where the bloated plutocrats left their shimmering Limmy-De-Luxes. But it was certainly nowhere within a reasonable distance of the ticket-holders' seats. Perhaps there was not time to build one! It takes *years* to build a car park, as the Twickenham authorities will tell you!

Also the 63,000 pedestrians on that day pedestered through several bottle-necks of egress for quite a long time before they reached the elbow-room of the open road. Must this be? Can no Rugby ground architect-and-surveyor take a leaf out of Leicester's book, where they clear their ground of 30,000 people *in comfort* in eleven minutes?

I hope Blakiston, Cove-Smith, and Tommy Voyce, of England, will not forget to continue their physical jerks throughout the hot (h'm) summer months, just to keep their—er—eyes in. . . .

Au revoir, my merry gentlemen

Not So Dusty!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

How the inventor of the carpet-beater first got the idea in the spring of the year 1066

Said *and Unsaid*

"JENKYN," a gentleman remarked the other day, "the things that I *thought* on smoking an ordinary cigarette after becoming acquainted with your Kensitas are best left unsaid."

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FEMINA

A MATTER OF FASHION BY "CANDIDA"

SMILES are not done any more, so it seems. The seriousness of the young things is almost oppressive to those of us who feel that life without laughter is not, and never was, worth living. What's the matter with the world? One's answer to the riddle has always been that it's not the world which is all wrong, but we who make it. And because we simply hate to leave it at that, we invent excuses for ourselves. Nerves frayed to a frazzle, for instance, by the modern pace of things, or a digestion that hasn't time to digest, or even an inherited tendency to ancestral gout—as if any of these comparatively trivial things explained anything! And yet I remember reading someone weighty (not a humorist, mind you) who insisted that Waterloo was Waterloo simply because Napoleon in his later years quarrelled rather badly with his food! As if people who did things hadn't always done them in the face of terrific difficulties—inside and outside them!

NO: things are just exactly what they were, and always will be. Smilelessness is nothing to go by; it doesn't really express an inward state, it's just one of the frills of Fashion, that Fashion which was invented long ago to vary the terrific monotony of living, and has done nothing but add to it. By Fashion I don't just mean the way they cut our clothes. I mean something so vast that it includes all, or nearly all, the paraphernalia of living, the way we, as civilised beings, "react to our environment," as they say in the psychology books. It sounds very simple, but it's amazingly complicated, and humiliating, too, to those of us who pride ourselves on a nice, superior soul of our own.

THE fact is that originality's so rare that you meet it perhaps once in a lifetime, and then you're lucky. Its guises are often unattractive and its cut is too old or too new to please. It's always easier, thank goodness, to copy other people who copy other people than to think of something bright for oneself. And never before was it considered so essential to be exactly like everybody else, from the last thing in shingles to the strap on one's shoe, from the fashionable adjective to one's smileless attitude to the world.

I DON'T altogether approve, do you? Of course, it's quite right and proper that we should know where we are with regard to our skirts and things. People are so easily shocked by anything that differs at all from the usual. To wear things in the way they don't wear them is considered almost indecent. Besides, it saves a lot of trouble, as I've said before, to be prescribed for instead of toiling on your own to find your line, although a really clever dressmaker will always manage to convey to you that your new spring frock (which is exactly like everybody else's new spring frock) is really your own brainy idea.

ONE has always accepted fashion up to a point, even when it's a very inclusive point which includes frocks, manners, art, music, dinners, and even diseases. But I thought we still had a right to our faces; not, of course to the outwardness of them, because to paint nor not to paint is a question that's settled for you with the other things; but to the inwardness of them, to their expression, though the word doesn't sound quite right in this capacity. An expression is an indication of what you're likely to find behind it, if you'll take the trouble to look, a sort of goods-in-the-window promise, to be followed by more goods of the same sort. I've yet to meet the guileless one who looks like a cynic, and the sophisticated lady with the face of her who adores cream buns and melodrama.

MISS OLGA LINDO *Mabel Robey*

Who is playing in "Tarnish," the new play at the Vaudeville Theatre. She takes the part of Nettie Dark, the manicurist who causes "a deal of unpleasantness" in our family's life

APPARENTLY we've done with all this. People wear a fashion on their faces just as they wear it on their backs, which, now that I come to think of it, has been done before. Not long ago one always wore a smile when one was young and pretty, something with nice teeth and a dimple about it. An inane sort of thing it was, and it didn't mean anything except, as I've said before, that one knew one was young and pretty and meant to play up to the part. But there's more than one way of playing it. To-day the young and pretty are terrifically serious to look at anyway, in spite of their nice teeth and possible dimples. Watch them dancing, or doing thrilling things with a ball. There's not a smile of pleasure among them. Is living really such a desperately serious business?

Bertram Park

YOUTH AND MIDDLE AGES

Miss Isobel Elsom as Madonna Panthasilea degli Speranzoni, the heroine of "The Tyrant," the Borgia play by Raphael Sabatini at the New Theatre. The fair Panthasilea, not considering her own name sufficient of a mouthful, takes another—of poison this time—and dies to save the notorious Cesare Borgia

IT'S not living but smiling that's the desperately serious business, and our young women don't feel equal to the strain. It takes such a lot out of you in the way of a soul, whatever that may mean, in the way of character and experience, of a humour that's divinely kind, of an understanding that's superhuman. These are the immortal smiles, as everybody knows. The Sphinx's smile, for instance, a sermon in stone which has inspired so many novels, has been the *raison d'être* of so much romancing about "mysterious" women, and the *pièce de résistance* of such shoals of picture postcards. The Sphinx's smile which fortunately cannot be fathomed or explained away and, incidentally, throws a light on the present situation. A smile may give away the emptiness of a show which we hope will be mistaken for a full one. So we smile not, and the world jumps to the conclusion that we're wonderful people. "Still waters run deep," you know. The stillness is there all right, and the depth has the benefit of the doubt.

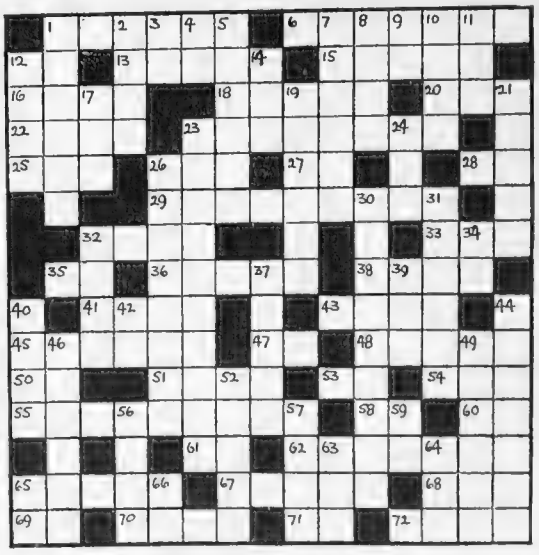
CANDIDA

MAINLY THEATRICAL

"The Bystander" Cross-Word Puzzle Competition

FIVE Prizes of One Guinea each will be given to the first five correct solutions opened. Fill in your solution in ink, also your name and address in the space provided.

Solutions must be marked "Cross-words" on the envelope. All solutions received in unmarked envelopes will be disqualified. All answers should be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C. 4, and should reach us by first post on Tuesday morning, April 14. The Editor's decision is final.



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 9

Name .....

Address .....

CLUES:

DOWN

1. Famous Spa near London
2. "Old Bill's" greeting.
3. Thou (French)
4. One (French)
5. What the playwright delivers.
7. Sir John, the great actor.
8. Major and minor constellations.
9. Doctor of Divinity.
10. Small valley.
11. Saline.
12. A treble reed instrument.
14. Usually followed by "stuff."
17. Then the pipe draws.
19. The "mile" walk at weddings.
21. Pounds *and* Pounds.
23. "A motley fool."
24. Name of Greek T.
26. Most actors have to pad for the part.
30. "Royal Egypt" (Shakespeare).
31. "The Strong Man."
32. Clothes (horribly slangy).
34. The cockney's "Now."
37. How the actor gets on best.
39. Looks black.
40. Mme. Carrie, the Concert Singer.
42. That very phonetic "Ease" again!
44. Remorse in several editions.
46. The great little Keys.
49. Hale and hearty!
52. Responds to the old Pro's "touch."
56. How theatres like to be doing.
57. Quality of most theatrical gems.
59. That "River in Italy."
63. A fast bird (!)
64. "Independent Workers of the World."
65. Company, theatrical and otherwise.
66. Common prefix for those out of it.

ACROSS

1. Cæsar's friend.
6. What we do at the Grand Guignol.
12. Omissions Excepted (initials).
13. What "resting" tragedians think should be free.
15. Rosalind's forest.
16. John.
18. The kind of mirth the comedian hopes to excite.
20. Negative.
22. A medley.
23. To smarten up (slangy).
25. A difficult feat for some at breakfast.
26. Dandy.
27. "Point of the compass."
28. Behold!
29. The "Winter's Tale" rascal.
32. Colloquially called mica.
33. Ifs (Mediæval).
35. Trouble (poets' spelling).
36. What "resting" actors seek.
38. A volcano.
41. Receives.
43. Probable costume of Ancient British ballet-girl.
45. "Take mine, miss!"
47. Concerning.
48. Examine deeply.
50. Usual part of usual verb.
51. Wrap up.
53. Old-fashioned expression of surprise.
54. Tops the lot.
55. The quality of King "Hal."
58. Initials by which famous Irish politician and journalist is known.
60. North Riding (initials)
61. In (French).
62. Leading lady, especially in sob-stuff.
65. "Joe."
67. Theatrical goods.
68. Lively sally.
69. Preposition.
70. Want watching in theatre management.
71. Name of the Greek M.
72. Doesn't pay.

The solution to our Cross-Word Puzzle Competition of March 25, with names of the five winners, will be found on page 130

". . . . . looks as clear as morning roses newly washed with dew."
Shakespeare.

A FRESH, clear, healthy skin is the most precious attribute to charm a woman can possess. It is the natural and inevitable result of regular care for the skin with Pond's *Two* Creams. Every night before retiring to rest remove the day's accumulation of impurities from the pores and tissues beneath the surface by the use of Pond's Cold Cream, which rejuvenates as well as cleanses. During the day apply a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream, which protects from the weather and prevents blemishes. An ideal base for powder.

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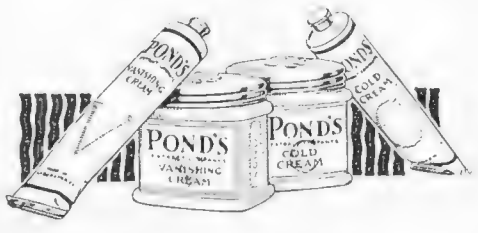

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I have nothing to declare. No, indeed.

What, you will look within this bag?

I am most unfortunate; the key she has completely lost herself.

I search in all the pockets. Ah, I hold her!

Sir, you make the hay of my effects. Here have we the soap and the bath sponge, the tooth and the hair brushes, and three soiled collars.

These Abdulla Cigarettes, how came they here?

It is a marvel!

I will pay the duty. YOU will smoke the Cigarettes—It is a crime—scandal—outrage. I write to my good friend the Ambassador.

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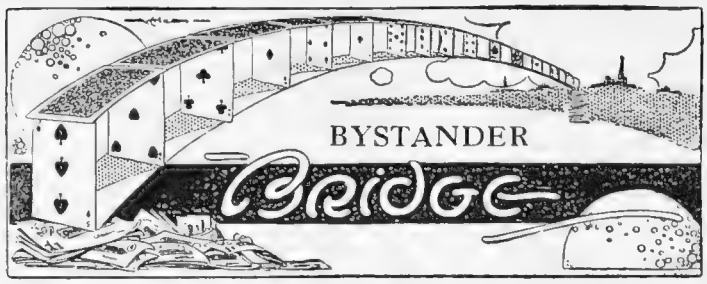
EGYPTIAN
VIRGINIAN

I swoon—become lunatic—bite the dust—expire—without ABDULLA CIGARETTES.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES



By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THE TAKE-OUT

THERE is no question at Bridge which gives rise to so much controversy—often acrimonious—as the take-out of a No-Trumper. You cannot be in any card-room long without hearing someone say, "What on earth did you take me out for?" or "Why did you not take me out, partner?"

It is difficult to lay down hard and fast rules for the take-out. Some players hate being taken out at all. Others invite it. A bad take-out or an unlucky take-out may lose the game. Failure to take out may likewise lose the game.

. . . . . .

The point is that you never know what the No-Trumper consists of. It may have one weak spot, or it may have several weak spots. Take the three-Ace No-Trumper, which most authorities agree is a correct bid. What a lot of filling in from the partner it requires to make it a game hand at love score. Or take the good No-Trumper with weakness in one suit only. How often do you find that Dummy is weak in that very same suit, and that game could have been achieved only in a suit bid?

. . . . . .

I submit two general principles which should govern the take-out. The first is for a hand that is of such a character that it looks a certainty in a suit bid even though it is a good supporting hand for a No-Trumper. There are hands in which it looks probable that you would do equally well in No-Trumps or in a suit bid. But if the hand has one or more weak spots, don't take the risk. Bid the suit that seems certain game. Your partner may be annoyed with you sometimes for adopting this course, and consider you a selfish player.

"What?" he may ask. "You take me out when you have all that valuable support for No-Trumps?"

Never mind this criticism. Your object on a good hand is to go game. No one should ever find fault at being taken-out from strength.

. . . . . .

The second guiding principle is that you should take out when your hand is of such a nature that it is likely to be of no use in No-Trumps. This is generally called the take-out from weakness. But I dislike the term as it is begging the question. A hand that may be weak in itself may be of great strength when played in conjunction with a No-Trumper. The point about this take-out is that you have not top honours in the suit you bid, or sufficient cards of certain re-entry to render the suit useful in No-Trumps. Six of a major suit, even although only 10 or 9 high, is always a good take-out. But I do not recommend a take-out into a minor on less than 7, and then only if it is *quite impossible* to be of service to the No-Trumps bidder.

. . . . .

Here is a hand that gave rise to great discussion. The score was game all. Y dealt, and called "One No-Trumps"; B "No bid"; Z "two Spades"; A "No bid"; Y "two No-Trumps"; B "No bid"; Z "three Spades." All passed. Here are the hands:—

S—3.
H—A, K, Q, J.
D—K, 9, 6.
C—A, K, J, 5, 2.

Y

A *B*

Z

S—9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 2.
H—2.
D—Q, J, 10, 8, 7, 4.
C—None.

The questions put to me were: (1) Ought Z to have called "Two Spades"? (2) Ought Z to have called "three Spades" after the "two No-Trumper"? (3) Should Y have called "three No-Trumps"?

My reply to the queries is (1) Yes. (2) No. (3) No.

In my opinion Z was bound to bid "two Spades," and Y was quite right on his hand to take it back to "two No-Trumps." The mistake Z made, however, was bidding his Spades again. On the second round he ought to have called "three Diamonds," not "three Spades." Y says that in this case he would have called "three No-Trumps."

As the cards were distributed (A had quart major in Spades), Z could not get three Spades nor could Y make "three No-Trumps." A, B, must make four Spades and one Diamond. As a matter of fact, the only suit in which Y, Z, could make game was Diamonds. Without judging by results, I consider that if Z had called three Diamonds, Y ought to have left it, in spite of his good hand. The hand illustrates the points I have been discussing on the necessity of taking-out.

With a two-suit hand, if your partner does not like your first take-out, show him your second suit.

. . . . . .

Here is a hand on which a correspondent asks my opinion of the bidding:—

S—A, Q, J, 9, 6, 2. D—J, 6.
H—7. C—Q, 10, 3, 2.

Y

S—None. S—K, 10, 8, 7, 5, 4, 3.
H—A, 10. *A* *B* H—J, 6, 4, 2.
D—Q, 7, 5, 2. D—8, 4.
C—A, J, 9, 7, 6, 5, 4. C—None.

Z

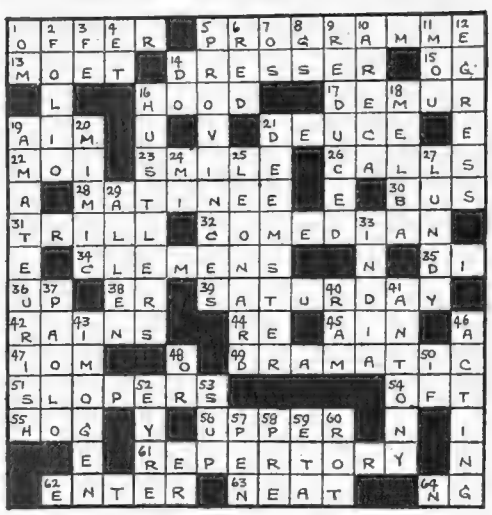
S—None. D—A, K, 10, 9, 3.
H—K, Q, 9, 8, 5, 3. C—K, 8.

This is how the bidding went: Z "two Diamonds"; A "three Clubs"; Y "three Spades"; B "double"; Z and A "No bid"; Y "three No-Trumps"; B "double." All pass. Result, as played, Y three down on his contract.

. . . . .

The hands are interesting and rather freaky, but the bidding seems to me extraordinary. In the first place, why did Z open with that distressing bid "two Diamonds"? His best bid was, in my opinion, "one Heart," not two or three. In spite of the absence of Spades he had strength outside his Hearts. A's "three Clubs" bid was justifiable, and so was Y's "three Spades." B could do no less than double. But Y's call of "three No-Trumps" seems to me quite unjustifiable. He should either have sat tight or, if he must bid, he should have supported his partner and called "four Diamonds." Z, if he played cleverly, might just have got them, or at worst have been one down.

But why B should double "three No-Trumps" beats me. Against a No-Trumper he had practically a trickless hand, not even a Club to open to his partner's call. All the same, I don't see why Y should have been three down. He should have made at worst four Diamonds, one Club, one Spade, and one Heart, and he might easily have done better, and perhaps have made his contract.



The Solution of Cross-Word Puzzle No. 7

ABOVE is the correct solution of the seventh Theatrical Cross-word Puzzle, printed in our issue of March 25. The names and addresses of our prize-winners (the first five correct answers opened), are given below:—

MISS GLADYS M. ROCKE, Westlades, Feniton, Honiton, Devon.
MISS P. N. CHURCHER, Beckworth, Lindfield, Sussex.
MISS G. STRICKLAND, The Hall, Ebchester, Co. Durham.
MRS. MUIR TYRER, 20, Seafield Road, Colwyn Bay.
MRS. HAROLD PERKINS, Westfield, Chesham Bois, Bucks.

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MAD DOG

A SUGGESTION FROM NICE

By "THE KENNELMAN"

It's interesting to note that only three cases of rabies have been recorded in Britain during the past three years. But it's vital to note that all three were imported Dogs *in quarantine*. Correspondents abroad please perpend carefully, before demanding of the writer agitation for removal of quarantine restrictions, or reduction of the period. The incubatory period of this ghastly disease is long, variable and uncertain. Britain to-day is free of it, and, too, of all such doggy inflictions as muzzling. It would be unsporting, and most unfair to British Dogs, to press for quarantine relaxation.

May 19 is a date to be noted by all doggy folk; the day of the big Ranelagh Show, in aid of Earl Haig's Fund. The list of active patrons, people who will attend, judges, and other supporters, suggests something between a Court in the height of the season, and Ascot or Cowes; and so far as the Dogs themselves go, it is evident from arrangements already made by the different Clubs and leading breeders, that, caninely speaking, everyone who is anyone will be there—a brilliant rally of British Dogs, paying tribute to the British Legion. And Ranelagh provides the jolliest sort of setting for such a gathering of the clans; social, sporting, doggy.

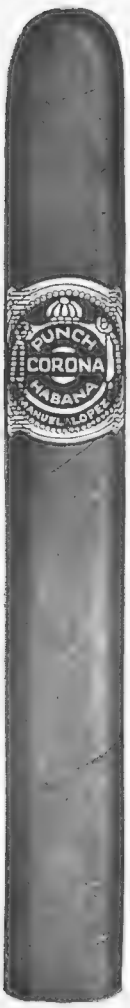
Writing from Nice, "Crock" says: "May an outsider venture the suggestion that winners of money prizes at the Ranelagh Show might be disposed in some cases, anyhow, to return the cash for the benefit of Earl Haig's Fund. I know what generous sports most fanciers are. Our March Dog Show here was a most creditable turn-out, by the way; not a very big entry, as such things are judged in England, but a really excellent level of quality. The big Paris Show of the Société Centrale will be a four-day affair; May 20 to 25. Please pass on my Ranelagh hint, if you can. I believe all good Bystanders would back it, and that must mean a mighty big crowd, these days." Kennelman hopes all fanciers will consider — generously. There still are many "Crocks" who sorely need the Legion's help, and many keen Dog-lovers among 'em, too.

Thursday of next week will bring one of the most popular of all London's annual one-day Dog Shows: that of the Kensington Canine Society, at Holland Park. Each post-War year has brought increased success for this function, in the number of its entries and exhibits, and, very notably indeed, in general public support. The building used is a huge one; but visitors have kept it crowded all day, and their cars have blocked the quiet and spacious side-roads of the neighbourhood.

What is it that keeps alive, even flickeringly, the advocacy of training as Gun-Dogs for Alsatians? By such training it is easy to spoil the Alsatian's efficiency in his natural work—police, military, and shepherding—and quite impossible to bring him near the level of the *pucca* British Gun-Dogs.

To correspondents *re* ear-canker and Dog-eczema: Subject too technical for detailed consideration in these Notes. *Early* medical treatment is most important. Consult vet. on first suspicion, and you will save a mort o' trouble. Cure is easy in the first stages; most difficult after neglect.

Registration, essential before exhibition, desirable in any case for every pedigree Dog, now costs only half-a-crown. Address: Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly. *Kennel Gazette*, and the new volume of the *K.C. Stud Book*, obtainable from same address.



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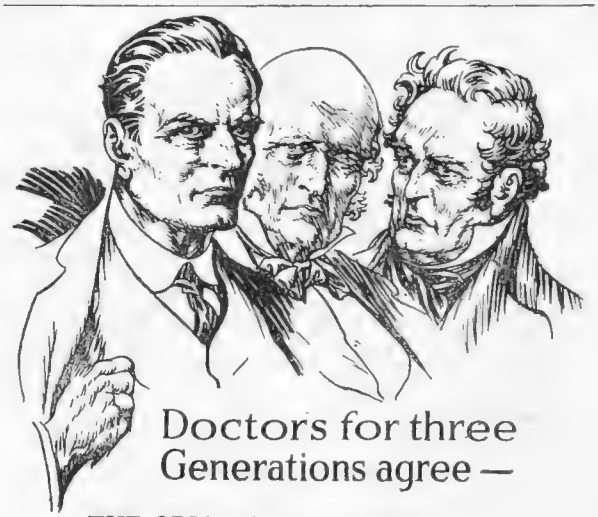

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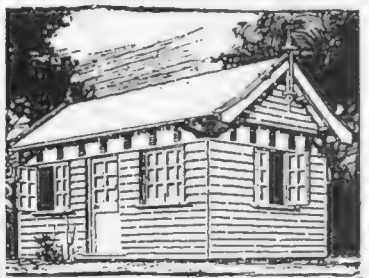

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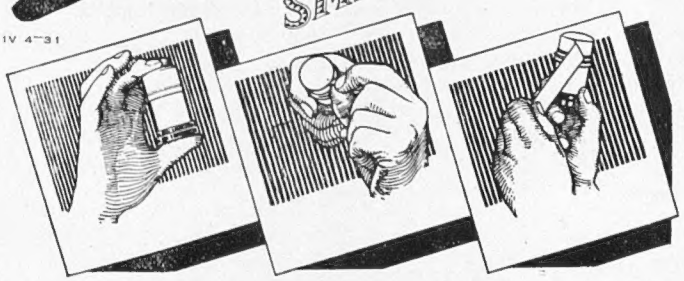

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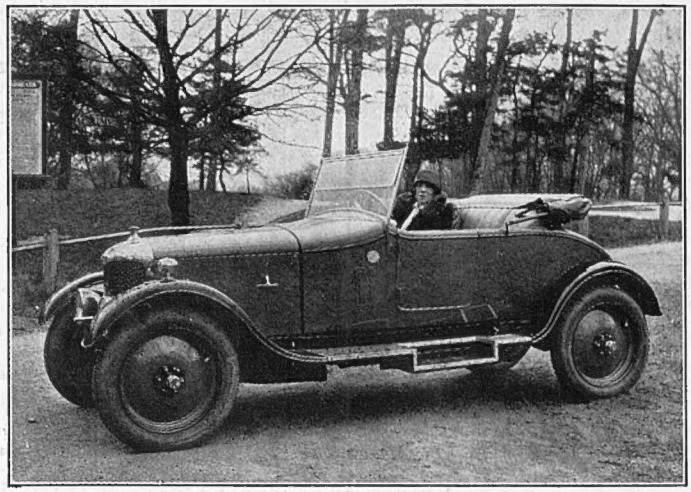


ON THE 'APPY 'EATH

Miss Ivy St. Helier makes a brief appearance in her A.C. Coupé on Hampstead Heath. She recently took over Miss Cicely Debenham's part in "Patricia" before the piece came off

THE new motor road to Southend will do much to open up a most attractive part of England which has hitherto been badly served by roads. The new road is 29 miles long, and at present consists of one 24-feet carriage way. The width between the fences is, however, 100 feet, and space is provided for expansion, so that when the whole scheme is completed there will be two 24-feet carriage ways, the two streams of traffic being divided by a 20-feet central space. This new road is not so uninteresting as most of the other new roads which have been constructed. It passes through comparatively interesting country, and although at present it has a somewhat brand-new appearance, there is no doubt that the mellowing hand of time will make this one of the most attractive of the motor highways.

* * *

THIS road forms part of a wide scheme of road construction which will take many years to be completed. One of the most important roads to be constructed is a circular one round London, by means of which it will be possible to drive from one side of the Metropolis to the other without passing through the City. The method of construction employed on these roads is of particular interest. The foundation consists of a layer of clinker 6 inches thick. On top of this is placed a layer, 12 inches thick, of hardcore. The final surfacing is a coat of clinker asphalt, 2½ to 3 inches thick. Granite or concrete kerbs are employed at either side. Particular attention has been paid to curves and gradients so that there is practically no need to change gear anywhere on the journey.

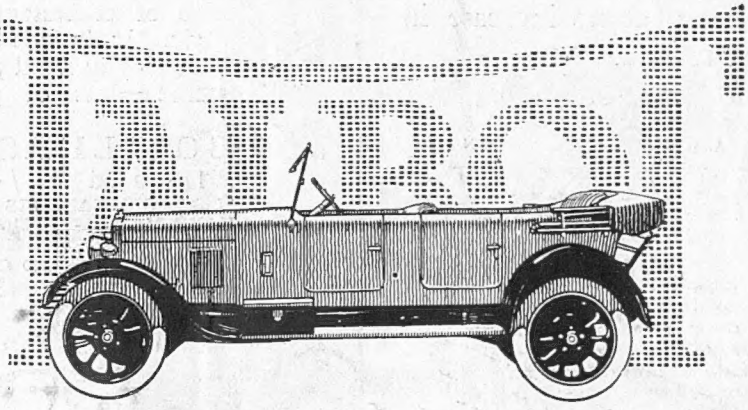
* * *

THE many hundreds of prospective Fiat users will be pleased to know that the prices for certain of the Fiat models have been reduced. The ever-popular 10-15 h.p. can now be obtained for £280 in four-seater form. The all-weather model, which is particularly suitable for this English climate, is now priced at £385. Two models are now made of the 10-15 h.p. The specifications are similar, but the later model has a longer wheel-base and a wider track. The price of the model 502, 10-15 h.p. Fiat with a Coupé de Ville body, is £415. The 15-20 h.p. Fiat, with three-quarter English landaulette body, can now be obtained for £660, while the price of the 20-30 h.p. six-cylinder with saloon body is £900. No alteration has been made in the price of the 40 h.p. six-cylinder.

* * *

EVER since its introduction, the 9-20 h.p. Rover has been constantly increasing in popularity. Its lively four-cylinder engine and its economy of operation have always made it a particularly attractive proposition. Two new models of the 9-20 h.p. have just been introduced. The first is a sports' model with a smart two-seater body having two doors. A concealed hood is provided which nevertheless can be very easily raised and lowered, and unlike some sports cars the all-weather equipment

(*Continued on page 136*)



INVINCIBLE

THE trial run that finally sells you a car is rarely extended enough to demonstrate thoroughly the capabilities of a modern high efficiency engine. If you were offered a test in which a 12 h.p. car were driven at an average speed of 40 m.p.h. for 200 miles . . . if this same car were proved to do from 4 m.p.h. to 54 m.p.h. on top and give 34 miles per gallon . . . if she would climb a gradient of 1 in 4 at 12 m.p.h. . . . then you would have no hesitation in placing your order.

You can have indisputable proof of the fact that a standard 12.30 h.p. Talbot taken from stock attained this exceptionally high standard of performance. It is embodied in the R.A.C. certificate No. 584—may we send you a copy?

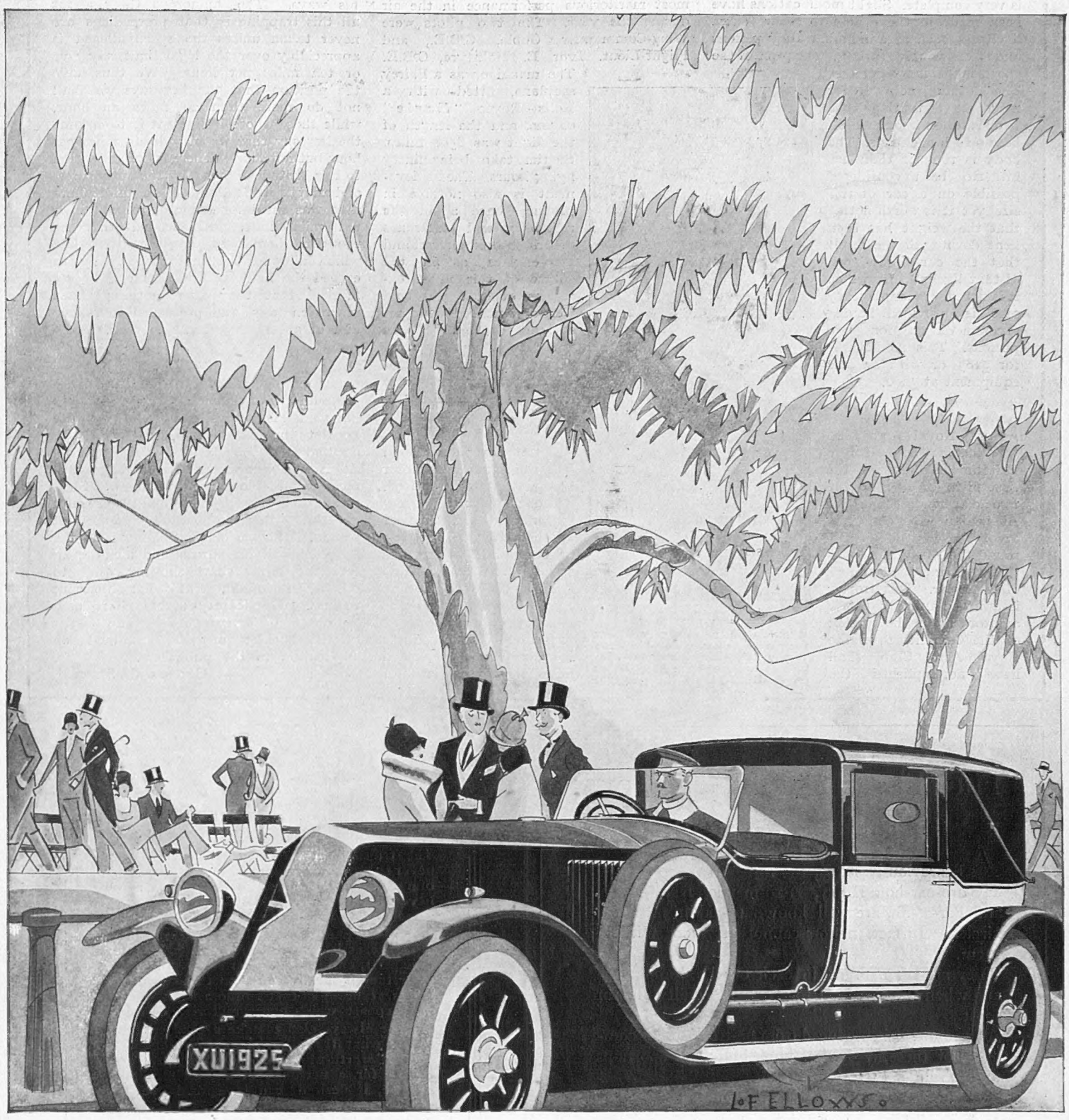
The opinion of an owner-driver of experience is always worth having. Here is one recently received:

"Let me say that in twenty years motoring from Rolls to Ford I have never had a car which gave me more pleasure to drive than your 12/30 h.p. 6-cylinder 2-seater."—A.M.C.
Bonar Bridge, dated Feb. 3, 1925

12/30 h.p Six-cylinder Talbot Tourer £550

CLEMENT TALBOT LIMITED, KENSINGTON, W10.

Telephone: Park 5000. Telegrams: "Clemtal, Nottarch, London."



Built to last a lifetime

R E N A U L T

8·3 4-seater Saloon, £285; 13·9 English ¾ Coupé, £525; 17·9 Torpedo, £585; 26·9 Chassis, Short, £735; Long, £775; 45 h.p. Long Chassis, £1,050; Sports Chassis, £1,250. Write for Literature and Complete Price List.

RENAULT LIMITED—Showrooms: 21, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.
Head Office & Works: 23, Seagrave Road, West Brompton, London, S.W.6.

is very complete. Slight modifications have been made in the engine to secure extra liveliness, such as aluminium alloy pistons and stronger valve springs. The price of the sports model is 200 guineas.

The other new Rover model is a touring type two-seater on a long wheel-base 9-20 h.p. chassis. The body is roomier than has hitherto been considered possible on a car of this size, yet it is worth noting that the weight has been kept down with the result that the car loses none of that liveliness for which it is noted. A large dickey seat is provided having accommodation for two persons. This model sells for £185 or with *de luxe* equipment at £200.

* *
*

THE Royal Aero Club has awarded the Britannia Trophy for the best flight of 1924 to the two officers of the Royal Australian Air Force who accomplished the flight round the Australian Continent during the summer of last year. This trophy is awarded annually to the aviator who, in the opinion of the Committee of the Royal Aero Club, shall have accomplished the most meritorious performance in the air during the year. The two pilots were Wing-Commander Goble, C.B.E., and Flight-Lieut. Ivor E. McIntyre, C.B.E. The machine was a Fairey seaplane, fitted with a Rolls-Royce "Eagle" engine, and the length of the flight was 8568 miles, the time taken being ninety flying hours. The achievement is also notable in proving once again the reliability and endurance of British-built aircraft and aero-engines, as in the course of this flight extremes of heat and cold were encountered. In point of mileage the flight was equal to a journey from London to Singapore, and the climatic variations were hardly less remarkable.

RATHER FLIGHTY!

Britannia in a new guise. Our photograph shows the Britannia Trophy awarded by the Royal Aero Club to two Australian flying officers for the best flight of the year 1924

* *
*

A MARKED increase in the amount of motor trapping is to be noticed. Although practically every motorist at one time or another breaks the law of the land as regards speed, and suffers no twinges of conscience thereby, nevertheless the authorities have seen fit to introduce time controls in order to make the wicked motorist see the error of his ways. The humorous thing about all this trapping is that proceedings are never taken unless the speed alleged is appreciably over the legal limit, say, five or ten miles per hour. We thus have the position that the law says we shall not do more than 20 miles an hour, while those whose business it is to enforce the law say that we may do 25 miles per hour but not more. There is one exception to this latitude allowed by the authorities, and that is in Scotland. One unfortunate man was fined for doing 12 m.p.h., in a ten mile limit, and pleaded that he thought there was an unwritten law which allowed the motorist slightly to exceed the limit. The Bench drily remarked that they knew nothing about unwritten laws, and proceeded to relieve him of a certain amount of cash.

* *
*

EVERY owner of the Morris car—and their name is legion—should have in his possession a copy of the booklet published by Shell-Mex Ltd., entitled *How Long Will My Morris Last?* As is well-known, Morris Motors Ltd. recommend the employment of Shell oil on their cars, as they found by careful experiment that the Shell oil gave the best results. This booklet deals with the lubrication of the Morris, and includes an excellent oiling chart showing what to oil, when to oil, and what lubricant to use. Duplicates of this chart may be obtained for garage use, and copies of the booklet may be obtained on application to the publishers.

GEORGE C. STEAD

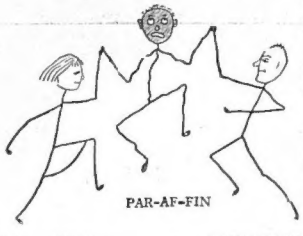
The Three Hy-dro-car-bons

A Serial Story—Chapter III

AS previously stated, the three members of the Hy-dro-car-bon family, A-ro-mat-ic, Naph-thene, and Par-af-fin, are well known to-day in motoring circles. In fact, motors cannot get along without them.

They are often found in each other's company—and when the three get together the result is motor spirit.

All motor spirit produced from pe-tro-le-um is composed of these hy-dro-car-bons, but the proportions of each differ in various brands.



WHEN THEY GET TOGETHER THE RESULT IS MOTOR SPIRIT

Each of the hy-dro-car-bons has definite and important characteristics. When you see these characteristics described in the next chapter, remember that Shell Motor Spirit is rich in a-ro-mat-ics and naph-thenes.

By carefully following this short "serial" story, motorists who have long been aware of Shell superiority may now know the real reason of its predominance.

(Watch for Chapter IV)

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If you want to buy a car

The truism that "experience teaches" is never so apt as when applied to the purchase of a car, and thousands of satisfied motorists have found the CAR MART'S service the surest aid to care-free motoring.

The widest possible selection from every car of repute, assisted by the practical experience of experts, ensures every purchaser obtaining a car that is ideally suited to their requirements, resulting in that freedom from worry and expense which every motorist desires.

We are always glad to take a used car, no matter what its age, make or condition, and make a worth-while offer for it in part exchange for a new one of any make. The balance, if desired, can be spread over a suitable period.

The CAR MART can give delivery of many well-known makes for Easter. Call and let us satisfy you.

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